

JOY STORIES



"Prudence Forgets Her Name"

by

C. Lawrence Edholm

February



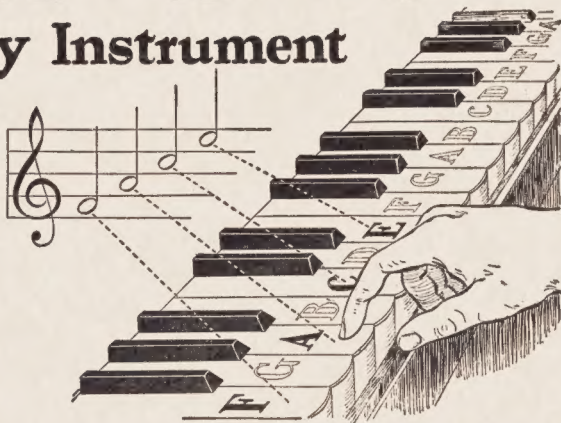
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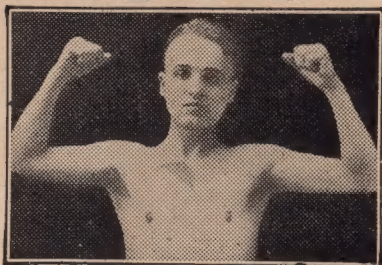
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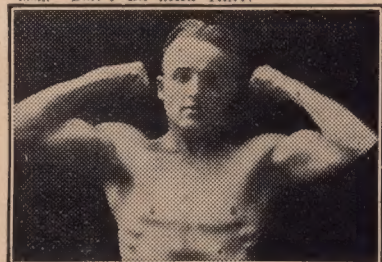
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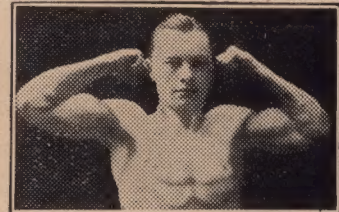
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Joy Stories

VOL. I

No. 3



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MISS 1930



MOTHER: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself going to a dance and spending the whole evening in an isolated alcove!"

FLAPPER: "That wasn't no alcove —it was a new Packard Twin Six!"

Look To Your Men

By Fred Lape



*Suddenly his arms
drew her against
him.*

I WISH," said Aileen Brooks, her amber eyes thoughtful under their thin facile lids, "we could bring Linda Norton out."

"She's got all sorts of possibilities," said Ruth Michaels. "She's simply asleep."

"She ought to fall in love," suggested Alan Walker.

"Absolutely," said Becky Ellsworth, shaking her blonde hair back from her little pouting face. "Fall—and fall hard—and then fall out again. Then she'd be worth something to the sorority."

"Some one," said Aileen, "ought to rush her hard, bowl her over, and then drop her flat. That would do it."

Ruth Michaels leaned over the bridge table, black eyes intent on Alan Walker, "There's your chance, Alan. Give the sorority a hand."

Becky gave an excited ripple of laughter. "Oh, go on, Alan! You're just the one to do it! You've got the line!"

"Thanks," said Alan sarcastically. "Why hand me the dirty work?"

"Well, you suggested it," said Becky.

"And I know Linda likes you," said Ruth.

"For the good of the cause, old dear," said Aileen. "You'd not only be helping out the Gamma Alphas, but you'd be doing Linda herself a good turn. Honestly,

the girl doesn't know she's living. It's a crime!"

"And she really isn't bad looking, is she, Alan?" asked Ruth.

"She'd be beautiful, if she'd fix herself up a little," Alan admitted.

"There!" said Becky. "You're gone already. You'll really have a good time doing it. The work of your hands, you know."

"Of course," said Aileen, "it's going to be a little hard on her, when it happens—"

"Yes, but one gets over such things," put in Ruth.

"And she'll be somebody when it's over, if I'm not mistaken," said Aileen.

"Let's hope so, anyway," said Becky, with a light laugh, and dealt the cards.

THIS was how Linda Norton, Linda of the dark brown hair and the quiet dark eyes and the skin like cream white meat of an almond, came to be rushed by Alan Walker. Linda was twenty, then, and she had never really been in love. But behind those quiet dark eyes, passion lurked. Linda herself sensed that, and fearing the unchecked fire, had sealed its escape, waiting.

She was flattered at first by Alan's attention. Men of Alan's type, good-looking, popular men, did not usually bother with her. She was glad Alan had bothered. She liked him—too well, perhaps—surprised herself at times when they were together by wanting to run her fingers through his hair, by wanting to lean over and kiss the lids of his eager gray eyes. Those impulses she dammed up behind the steady reserves. They were of the breed of the fire behind the dark eyes—too dangerous now to be released.

"Why," he asked her one night, "do you always make yourself look like a Madonna?"

"Like a Madonna!" she exclaimed.

"But, Alan, is that—is that—the way I look?"

"Well, not exactly, of course, but more or less. You know, Linda, you're almost a Spanish type. You ought to take advantage of it."

Her mind went to the point. "That's a polite way of saying I ought to learn how to dress, isn't it?"

"Linda, I say, is that nice?"

She laughed. "Oh, I don't mind, Alan. I need it. I've always been a recluse. My family brought me up that way."

"It's not right for a girl like you. You know, Linda, if you wanted to be, you could be the most stunning girl on this campus."

"Do you think so, Alan?"

"Do I think so? I know so."

She looked at him gravely. "Why should you bother about me?" she asked.

"Why? Because I'm interested. I like you."

Something gleamed in her dark eyes. "I'm glad," she said. "I like you, too, Alan."

She had run into the house after that. Up in her room she stood before the mirror and drew the dark hair away from her brow, massing it at the back of her head, her eyes narrowed, considering. Later she sat down and wrote a letter to her father, asking for some money for some clothes that she really needed.

The money came. She bought the new clothes, wore them. Alan said, "Omgosh, Linda, you look like a million!" and she was content.

With the new clothes she used more rouge, and learned how to make up her eyes—not obviously, but subtly, to bring out their romantic depths. With Alan she smoked her first cigarette, drank her first cocktail, learned how to really dance, to move so that two bodies were one subtle perfect rhythm.



*Later the same night
Dave Grant told her
that he loved her.*



For the first time in her life she knew vital happiness. She was getting noticeable to stag lines—oh, not popular yet, but her stock was rising. The freshman women began to consult her on matters of the heart. She caught men staring at her in her classes—interesting men.

But all these things meant little to her. What mattered was the way Alan stared at her, the approving glance in his eyes when she came down the stairs and he, waiting in the hall, looked up not concealing his admiration.

"Old Linda doing her stuff tonight, eh?"

Then off to a dance, her arm linked in his, placidly content. She liked to be with Alan. She liked to talk with him, laugh with him, dance with him. He had a way of telling her she was beautiful that always brought blood surging into her face, and her flesh respond. Sometimes he kissed her. She let herself be kissed, rigid, unyielding. The fires were still prisoned behind the dark quiet eyes, passion dammed up.



*"Well—well—the
conqueror!" she
scoffed.*

In May he took her to the Junior Prom. She wore flowing black velvet, and knew that she was beautiful. For the first time in her life she felt the intoxication of being triumphantly popular.

The dance was over at one-thirty. After it, Alan said, "Linda, it's a perfect night. Let's drive over to the coast. It'll be glorious—"

She said, "Alan, but I've got to be in at two. Rules—"

"Piffle!" he said, and looked at her seriously. "All your life, Linda, you've

done the things you ought to do. Why not try a few of the forbidden things for once? You know perfectly well that other girls go in the fire escape, or stay out all night and say they were with somebody in the city. Come on, there'll never be another night like to-night."

She bit her lip, looked at the moon riding serene in a luminous sky. Shrugged her shoulders, and said, "All right." He started the car. She settled down in the seat beside him, and he threw his arm

(Turn to page 49)

Prudence Forgets Her Name

By
Charlton
Lawrence
Edholm



WHY the police never molested Prudence Weymouth in her nightly prowling in the search of the stuff of drama, was a mystery. Quite alone she would find her way into the queerest corners of San Francisco, which has a world wide reputation for queer corners.

Her girlish figure, lithe and sensuous at once, and always smartly gowned was a familiar sight in the dives of the Barbary Coast. Chinatown and the cellar dance halls of Pacific Street knew her

well. She had seen San Francisco in its most riotous hours, when opium dens were raided and the wretched women who frequented them were dragged into the light; and she had peered from a hiding place to see the hatchet men of rival tongs go out to street warfare.

Always alone, always veiled, she followed dangerous trails, and many a time her slender, shapely form, so inviting with its swaying gait, had lured the pursuit of the predatory male.

When she found his persistence too an-

*They were seated
side by side on
the virginal bed.
"Gawd," 'chuck-
led Bull Corbin,
"blamed if you
don't act like I
was Mister
First!"*



noying, Prudence would simply pause under a street light, resolutely confront her amorous pursuer—and lift her veil.

That was all. Her face, ravaged in childhood by smallpox, was like a blighted, wintry landscape: frozen, forbidding, ironical. It was enough to daunt the keenest sportsman in the chanceful game of the streets. He would slink away with an astonished "Damn!"

Her face protected Prudence.

Long ago she had given up all hope of a lover's embraces or a husband's sheltering arms. One look at her face had chilled so many hot-blooded youths. They would turn away quickly; not even noticing the beauty of her great hazel eyes,

liquid and dark-lashed in that wreck of a face. Every such repulse was a sting to her vanity and a spur to her ambition.

Her ambition was to write about these haunts of vice, the dives and dark alleys, in such gripping words that her readers would *hear* the shrieks of terror as some Chinese slave girl was beaten: would see the tattooed chest of the sailor, just ashore from a long cruise, tearing open his shirt in the excitement of the dance: would smell the liquor that was spilled in the underground bars, where haggard women waited, waited; with smiles painted on their excess-worn faces.

Prudence would fashion stories about these things because it was her Art—so she

said. How much of this ambition was due to the crushing of her instinct to attract love; to give love in return; that she did not guess.

She had few friends; few pleasures. She did not know whether she were glad or sorry to be alone in the world, but she was undoubtedly glad that she did not have to divide her income which kept her so smartly dressed.

Prudence did not value her stories for the money they brought in; but their appearance in print, once in a while, made her feel that she was winning a place for herself in the art she loved. She assured herself that she was a born writer—that her disfigurement was an act of Providence—that it kept her from being distracted from her work—that it kept her out of entangling affairs. She had it all figured out.

Her greatest pleasure was getting the material, and what she called "local color;" prowling through the slimy streets before dawn, slipping past sleeping houses when the fog hung like a clammy shroud over the sea-port; when a slinking, adventurous cat, and the draggled, unsteady silhouette of a woman might be all the signs of life up and down Dupont Street.—When the only sounds might be the banging of a cheap piano in the next block, or the mournful bellow of fog horns on the bay.

In such a setting, at such an hour, anything might happen: something for a story, something for a life.

And happen it did! At such an uncanny hour, in such an unsavory place, she collided violently with "Bull" Corbin.

The big fellow had swung recklessly out of a narrow and malodorous passage. A door slammed behind him, cutting off the shrill laughter of women. As he fled to the street, the impact of his body had

almost hurled her to the ground. But his arm, which was astonishingly quick for such a massive limb, snatched her by the waist, kept her from falling and supported her as firmly as if she had been picked up by the steel arm of a crane.

Prudence did not scream. She was not that kind. Besides she had only enough breath in her body for a little gasp which must have sounded rather pitiful, for the big fellow took her face in his huge left hand, tilted it up to his and kissed her in a big-brotherly sort of way on the lips.

"Hope I didn't hurt you, kid" he said. "I was in a hurry to get outa that damn joint. It made me sick.—Them painted dolls! Full of—full of sawdust!"

There was genuine concern in his tones. There was no doubt about it. Bull Corbin was a kind-hearted brute and he felt that even a poor street-girl was entitled to an apology if you accidentally knocked the breath out of her.

For a few moments he held her thus, breathing heavily. How still it was! They could hear their breathing, even the beating of their hearts. Nothing else but the far-away moan of the fog horn. They were alone in the immensity of the night, with the sea-fog blurring even the opposite side of the street.

Then he attempted to set her on her own little feet, but to his surprise (and perhaps to hers) she clung limply to him, and he felt with alarm that he might have really hurt her with his huge body.

A second thought made him feel quickly in his pockets for watch and money, but he found no slim and prying fingers there.

"What's the matter with this kid?" he thought.

As he tried to disengage himself, with slow and clumsy movements, the pressure of the woman's soft arm about his neck suddenly caused him to tingle all over.



*At night he was her lover—
in the morning "her man."*

He drew a long breath.

So *that* was it!

It was too dark to see her face. It was merely a pale, oval blur in the shadows. Once again, with more deliberation and a brutal tenderness, he took the little face in his huge left hand, brought his own down to it and kissed her full on the mouth.

The fog closed about two entwined figures that slowly moved through the deserted streets.

Cautiously they stole up the staircase to her pair of tiny rooms on the second floor. The gas was turned down to a pin point in the hall, and in her austere bed-chamber the only light came from the street lamp.

"Be quiet," she said under her breath.

He had knocked against a chair and muffled an expletive.

"Don't speak!" she whispered. "The woman who rents the rooms—she doesn't know that I receive visitors."

The poor girl had never before had a

caller by night; never a man at any hour, but she pretended that she was used to such elaborate precautions.

Grumbling, the big fellow felt for a match.

"No, no!" she almost cried aloud. "No light! No light!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, you don't know my landlady! She's a dragon. She'd look through the transom—or through the keyhole. She'd turn me out if she knew I did this!"

"Gawd," chuckled Bull Corbin, "I never run up against a Jane like this before. Blamed if you don't act like I was Mister First!"

"Oh no, no! Of course you're not." Her voice shook.

They were seated side by side on the low bed, virginal under its white counterpane. Outside, the fog-horn moaned at long intervals. Within the house all was silence. Prudence could hear her heart beating wildly.

(Turn to page 51)

Katie's Kisses

By Lilliance M. Mitchell



JIM laid down the story with a sigh. Late Saturday afternoon; late summer. Summer almost gone!

He glanced at his wife sitting on the opposite end of the davenport, darning his socks with amazing rapidity. "Katie," he murmured softly.

"I wish I had bought leg of lamb for tomorrow's dinner," she said briskly, apparently not having heard him speak. "With Della coming to wash on Monday and a lunch to get for her perhaps it would have been cheaper in the end. Amy's birthday party comes on Monday, too, and I'll have to dress for that—" her

voice droned away to a weak nothingness.

He yawned a little as he watched Katie rolling a darned pair of socks into a neat ball with one toe protruding to show him that these were mended socks, only to be worn on rainy days or for tinkering in the garage. Katie was intent upon those socks; her thoughts were far from moonlight and romance and love. Could it be possible that this placid housewife was once the girl whose kisses had clung with the passionate tenderness of a honeysuckle vine? Could she be the girl who had begged so eagerly for the emerald ring that in his grandfather's time had been the stone

in a sword hilt?

He sighed and thought of the cold of the coming winter, the chill of early morning L trains, the smell of cheap clothing permeating the air once the autumnal rains had set in. Another winter. Youth was fleeting and Romance—?

"Katie," he said again, this time with firmness, "Ted Armstrong is ill. I believe I'll walk down there and sit with him awhile. Too bad to be ill in a rooming house that way."

"You take a jar of my new orange marmalade along," said Katie generously. "It turned out extra nice—for summer oranges."

"No, no," he replied irritably. A jar of orange marmalade when he was going Adventuring! "They give him plenty to eat."

A few moments later he was swinging down Sheridan Road, breathing deeply and perhaps a little more quickly than usual. It was good to be out in the warm, indolent air—alone. He felt languid and almost sleepy, as contented as a cat. He had to assume his brisk walk. Presently he walked more slowly, forgetting his pose of a busy man on his way to an important engagement. He began to indulge in guilty thoughts: his marriage, for instance. How different marriage was from the rosy-painted dreams of it! His dreams had included the wide davenport but not one where Katie would sit darning socks. His idea had been that Katie would sit there always with the faint scent of violets around her, waiting to cuddle and pet and listen to his recital of the day's events. Katie—his dream Katie—would always be young and rosy-lipped. Her soft arms would cling to his neck as if she could never, never let him go. Always her lips would be lifted to his, pleading for kisses.

Marriage—the real thing—was, ah!

how different! Tumbling out of the in-a-door bed at six o'clock in the morning, Katie dressing while he bathed in the apartment's one and only tub, Katie's murmurs that she longed for the day when they could have a two-bath flat so that she, too, could bathe the first thing instead of having to undress again for it after he had gone to the office, Katie cooking breakfast on the stove in the kitchenette. Then the breakfast, a quick affair, ending in a peckish kiss that seemed to him now more a matter of routine than the fragrant kisses of honeymoon days. The race down Bryn Mawr Avenue towards the elevated station followed swiftly, up three steps at a time—bah! so this was marriage!

Katie, a practical wife instead of a dream-girl waiting to be kissed. To be sure, Katie had been a good wife. She made the salary go farther than he had dreamed it would go. Hadn't they been able to buy the car because of her economies?

Without a glance towards the house where his friend lay ill, Jim walked along moodily. He was nearing Wilson Avenue now and was more tired than he cared to admit. He decided to go into the well-lighted cafeteria and order something so that he might rest his feet for a few moments. He was amazed at the size of the check. Katie could have set out a better meal for both of them for less than this. This week she had been especially careful because they had had to squeeze out Amy's birthday present. Amy had sent them a very beautiful wedding present and Katie had felt that it was almost essential to give her a good-looking birthday gift at the party Monday night.

The gift lay, even now, in the bottom drawer of Katie's dressing-case where Katie had put it when she was showing it to Jim. A scarf of apple green chiffon



How like a child she looked there . . .

spangled with glittering sequins in patterns of butterflies and daisies.

"Amy will love it," Katie had said a little wistfully, a glint of his dream-girl coming through for an instant. "She goes out so much in the evening that she really needs a nice scarf like this. I'd love—I'd love to wear it once myself," she ended with a tremulous little laugh.

"Won't those bright things fall right off?" he had asked practically.

Laughingly Katie had shaken her head. They were fastened on for good, she had told him. And with a sudden flash of that old-time sweetness she had caught his hand and held it near the scarf.

"Look how that green blends in with your emerald ring!" she had murmured. "I wish—oh, how I do wish you'd let me wear it, Jimsie!"

And now Jim glanced down at his ring, glittering and gleaming under the lights.

Suddenly he felt very, very tired. In the shadows people passed him. Even an hour before he would have looked at them keenly, with romantic interest. Now he walked gloomily along towards Sheridan Road. A bus bound for downtown lumbered along noisily. If he got on that and rode down and back, Katie would be asleep and not ask a lot of details about the sick-friend-visit. And he just must rest for awhile! A storm seemed to be coming, the lightning flashing now and again in the distant heavens. A storm always made Jim sleepy. If he were at home now, Katie would rub his head for him—but, bah! he must banish thoughts of Katie and their usually-prosaic married life!

He decided to take that bus. A woman brushed by him and flashed up the tiny staircase ahead of him. Without a glance after her he paid his fare and climbed aloft.

He found the back seat empty and sank among companions in the storm."

into it, feeling lonely as he watched the other seats where, two by two like the stories of the Ark, couples sat. These couples were petting with the frank fervor of real or assumed youth. In the front seat was one figure alone and—with a start he sat bolt upright—he saw that she wore a spangled scarf of green with the spangles sewn on in patterns of daisies and butterflies. Well! So Katie was not as steady and prosaic as she seemed!

In an instant he believed that he had found the key to the whole situation. Perhaps to Katie, too, he seemed less romantic and ardent. And so, the instant she knew that he was out of the flat for the rest of the evening, she came out, seeking—what? A ride to cool her off before the storm?

The bus was passing Lincoln Park now and the girl in the scarf arose quickly, passed him and ran lightly down the little staircase.

Hastily he hurried after her. He would see where she was going and what romance she would have. A slight drizzle was setting in now, a foreboding fore-runner of those autumnal rains he had so dreaded earlier in the evening. But this rain was a soft, summer rain, still perfumed with pleasant odors. The scarf ahead paused a moment and then took shelter under a wide-spreading tree. It was quite dark now, an inky blackness that forgot about a moon and moonlight. The arc lights suddenly went out completely and if he had not seen that scarf stop under the tree he could not have guessed that there was anyone there. Then, with a little chuckle, he decided that *he* would be Katie's adventure.

The headlights from a passing car around a curve showed him a brief sparkle of spangles. He changed his voice a little.

"I see," he murmured lightly, "that we

The scarf was pulled more closely and there was no answer except quick breathing.

"Come, come," he said gaily, "I'm not going to hold you up—or anything, you know. But here we are in the darkness together, you and I; you don't know who I am nor do I know you. Why not have a moment's splash of colors in our lives—some little gay red thread to recall when we are both grey-headed—a little romance and adventure?" His voice was eager now.

"We-e-ell," she said doubtfully, "why—not? If you—you aren't married?"

"Oh, no," he lied easily. "Of course I'm not married. I hope you don't take me for one of those common mashers going out and leaving the wife at home d—" he hesitated. Almost he had said darning which would have given him away. "—dandling the baby," he ended. That was fine! She could never guess now! "Of course you aren't married?" he added as an afterthought.

"Why, yes," she said candidly. "I'm married and more than that I love my husband, too," her voice became a little louder to make herself heard above the thunder. "I'm—crazy about him, in fact."

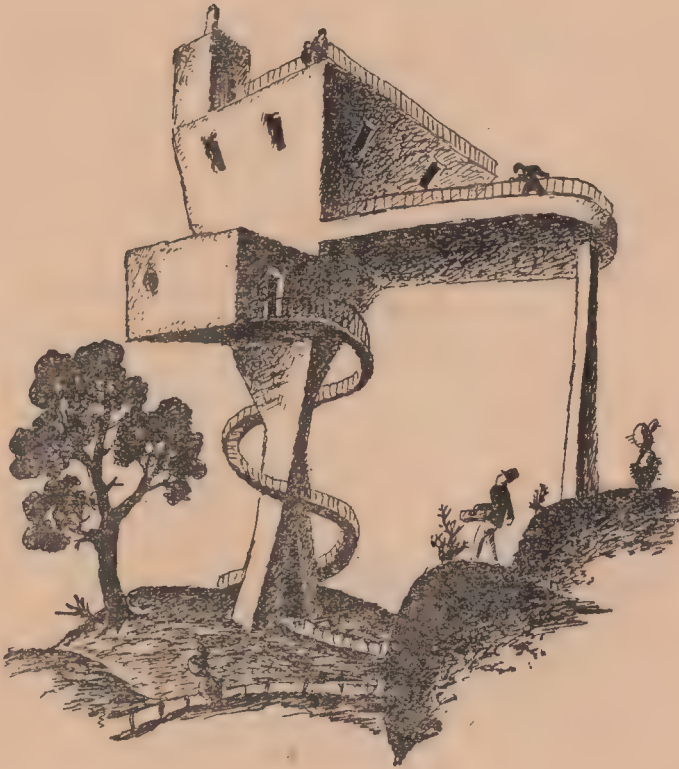
Jim's heart swelled proudly. How like Katie to be so frank and honest. And so she was crazy about him!

"But I guess everyone now and again longs to search out romance, don't you think?" Her voice was very low now, and tender.

Jim swallowed. Mean, he reflected, that was what he had been. There he had been wanting romance and adventure and thinking only of himself when poor little Katie with her rose-petal lips had been

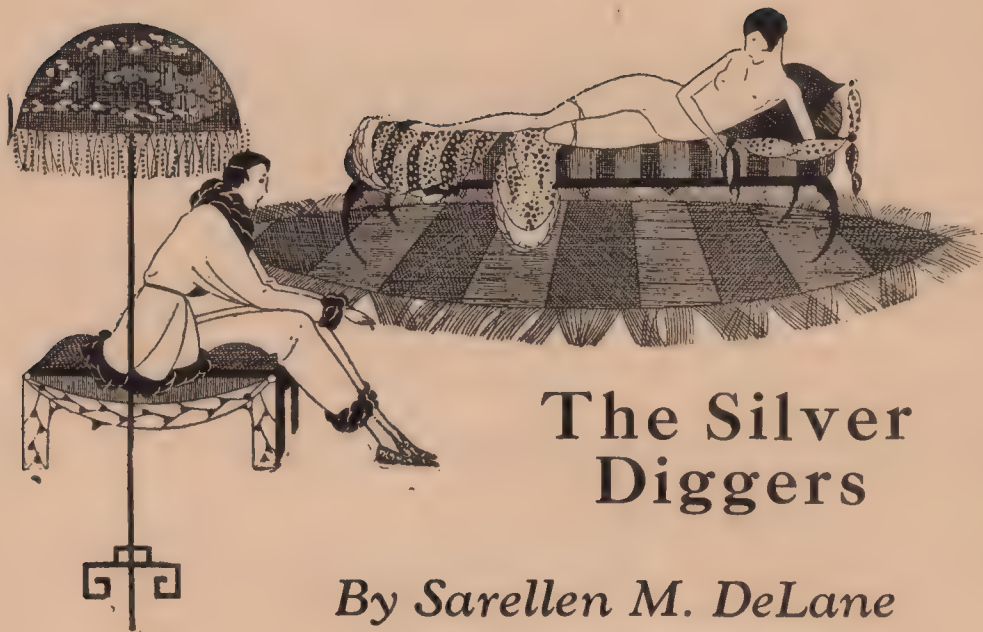
(Turn to page 61)

Mother Goose Love Lyrics



*Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Watching the girls go by.
He stuck out a toe, and a girl was laid low,
And the sight nearly knocked out his eye!*

*There was a fast woman who lived in a tent.
She had so many lovers her time was all spent.
Some she gave laughter, and some she love-fed,
And some she gave whiskey and put 'em to bed!*



The Silver Diggers

By Sarellen M. DeLane

A FACIAL will take that dissipated drag out of your face," said Ethel with an appraising look at Ruth, "but how in the world will you ever explain the fur coat to Fred?"

"I've got the time it takes this train to arrive home to figure that out," said Ruth stroking the luxurious garment with appreciative hands. "Wasn't Bruce a duck to give it to me, especially on such short acquaintance?"

"Why not?" said Ethel who hadn't held a job for years. "He's lousy with money. You're lucky to pick up a side line like Bruce Giles, the big silver dollar and dime man from Nevada. And his friend Harry that preferred blondes wasn't such a weak sketch either!" Ethel poked a pointed finger into her yellow locks and propped her lizard pumps on the opposite pullman seat, not without an eye on the college boys across the aisle.

"A wonderful week," sighed Ruth. "I

hate to go back to Fred." She looked languidly out the train window.

"You're a fool to do it with a sterling proposal behind you," advised Ethel. "Fred has *his* fun. He just stays married to you so his temporary flames can't expect him to make honest women of them. Like that red headed stenographer in his office. It isn't as if you couldn't get the dope on him."

"It's just that he's never made me mad," Ruth told her. "I haven't loved Fred for a long time. I didn't know what real trust and affection were until I met Bruce and even that has been tinged with a bad flavor because I'm married." Ruth's voice had turned soft and serious. Ethel looked at her with bold curiosity.

"What's got into you?" she asked impatiently. "Here you've got a swell coat, a week in the big town, and a walking allowance to go home to and then you talk about bad flavor!"

"Oh, yes, the coat," said Ruth glancing toward it and brightening a little. "Apply your half portion of brains to the question of how to explain the coat; and remember Fred wasn't born yesterday and he won't swallow ordinary fables."

Ethel lit a cigaret and tapped the window sill thoughtfully.

"I've got it!" she exclaimed brightly. "You let me wear it. I'll pretend it's mine. Then you save up enough money to apparently buy it from me. That will get it into your closet and Fred will pat you on the head as a very thrifty young woman."

"Go fry some ice," said Ruth in disgust. "If you think I'm going to let you break in a brand new fur coat just because of my nose little slouch of a husband you're all wet. There must be better ways than that."

"Think fast," said Ethel. "We'll be home in an hour."

Ruth nodded to the redhead in the outer office and entered the inner room where Fred carried on his coupon clipping. She placed a dutiful kiss upon his ear. They talked about unimportant things as long as Ruth could bear to do so. Then mustering a freshness in her voice she said, "Look Fred, I found a pawn ticket. It's for a coat and I'm dying to see what it's like. It's in for only ten dollars so when you go to lunch I want you to go in and redeem it."

Fred took the ticket and scanned the unfamiliar signature with little interest. "I'll look it up," he said, tucking the paper into his pocket.

"I'm lunching with Ethel," said Ruth, "remember the coat. I'm dying of curiosity."

Ruth was back in the office at 1:30. Redhead hadn't returned but Fred was there.

"Well, did you go to the hock shop?"

"Yes."

"Did you get it?"

"No. It wasn't worth the money. It was a mangy old leather thing. I don't see how Uncle ever risked ten dollars on it." Fred drummed his fingers and tapped his feet waiting for Ruth to speak.

She couldn't. Her throat was tight and dry. She wanted to reach out, grab Fred by the hair, and pull and pull. She walked out of the office instead, her fury piling up within her. Something haywire! The elevator rose to the level on which she stood and clanged open. Redhead stepped lightly out,—redhead wrapped in a luxurious matched squirrel coat.

Things happened.

"You sneaking little gopher," Ruth shrieked, "Give me that coat." She buried her hands in the deep fur and jerked with all her strength. Redhead lost her footing and fairly fell out of the coat. She drew herself out of the way as Ruth stormed into the elevator.

"DOWN!"

The frightened negro broke all the building rules and dropped full speed to the street level.

Ten minutes later this telegram was being spattered out into the ether:

"Bruce Giles
Giles Silver Holdings, Inc.
Silver City,
Nevada.

I've changed my mind. Meet me in Reno.

Ruth."



The Raid

By Arthur Styron



PEGGY glanced at the tiny watch on her wrist. It was exactly two minutes past twelve.

The Esprit Soeurs—whose real names were Maggie Williams and Rose Epstein—appeared suddenly on the dance-floor as if they had materialized from the spotlight. The jazz orchestra crashed, vamped, and the girls' slim, youthful bodies began to move in perfect unison as their feet tapped synchronically.

Two strongly built men in their early thirties sauntered into the night-club and seated themselves at a table on the edge of the dance-floor across from Peggy and her companion.

"Look," she said in a low voice, "there's Sol and Jack." She glanced at her watch. "Four minutes past. They're here exactly on the jot. Where's Sully?"

"Don't worry," said her companion, a tall man with scowling brows. "Sully

always comes at the last minute."

"Well, he's got precious little time left. I phoned him the raid must start at ten minutes past."

"Too early," growled the man.

"You're gummy," replied Peggy. She pressed the fire out of her cigaret and drank a glass of water. "The cellar is opened at midnight—all there—no time to hide things—house in darkness for these lousy tap-dancers' act—I'm occupied with my stuff as hostess—"

"All the same it's too early."

"Be your brains!"

A tall, slender man, wearing a close-cropped mustache, passed so close to the table he could have touched it. He turned and glanced curiously at Peggy and her companion. Peggy started; then recovered and gave a slight nod. The tall man passed on.

"Sully!" she whispered to her companion. She looked at her watch. "Exactly ten after. This is where I do my stuff." She rose from the table and crossed on to the dark dance-floor. At the same time the dancers finished their act; the spot-light disappeared, and the lights flashed on. There was some desultory applause. "What's this?" cried Peggy in a bantering voice. "Did I hear someone clap? What's the matter, boys? Is that the right sort of hospitality to show these little French girls, come all the way from Paris to entertain you? Come on now, boys! Give these little girls a hand! Let's show 'em what real American hemen think of French girls!"

There was an enthusiastic applause. The lights were extinguished; the spot-light again leapt into life, and the Esprit Soeurs came tripping to the floor.

"Do your whole act over, girls," whispered Peggy.

"Sure," answered Maggie and Rosa together.

Peggy slowly made her way to the dressing-room where she removed some polish from her small nose, repaired a crimson lip, and straightened the flounces of her new evening gown of bright blue tulle. It had set her back several hundred dollars, that gown; but then what were several hundred dollars compared to this evening's profits? That made her think: She'd better get back. Those lousy tap-dancers would have finished by now. That's what Peggy wanted to miss.

The room was peculiarly quiet when she reentered it. The orchestra was resting. There was not a waiter in sight. Good. Things were going smoothly. But—there must be noise.

"Come on, boys," she told the players, "let's have a little go. What's this?—a silent drama? Shoot! 'Peaches and Cream!' Everybody sing this old number. Come on! I'll lead you!" In a few minutes she had them going. When they had sung themselves hoarse, she challenged anyone to dance with her. A young man with a hot, gin breath, and an amorous arm, accepted. After half an hour she finally escaped. By this time the waiters had reappeared, glum and silent.

Peggy sought the small table reserved for her behind a large blue jardiniere. It was here that Lem, the proprietor, found her. His thin, hard face was haggard. There was a wild look in his eye.

"Oh, God, Peggy," he muttered, "I've been raided."

Peggy polished her nose. "I was afraid so," she said calmly, "when I missed the waiters. That's why I tried to keep the crowd going."

Lem looked at her admiringly. "You always do the right thing," he said. "You keep your head."

"Did they get much?" she asked.

"Ten grand worth," he muttered.

"As much as that?" she asked sharply.

"You ought to know," said Lem crossly. "I told you yesterday I was getting in the stuff."

"But you didn't say what you paid." Peggy gave a final satisfied pat to her nose and returned the puff to the jade compact. "They got it away quick," she added.

"There were four screws—all pounced down at the same time from different parts of the club. Loaded to the gills with rods. Truck outside. They must have been sure of getting stuff."

"The police have known about your place for a year."

"Why shouldn't they," asked Lem, "when I buy the water from them?" He glanced apprehensively about the room. "Getting quiet as a morgue," he glummed. "In an hour the place'll be dead."

"Why don't you try to get some liquor quick?" she asked.

"Don't be funny! Where'll I get, in half an hour, enough to run this joint? These suckers guzzle it."

A clean-shaved young man, with gray eyes and blond hair, wearing a dark business-suit, was entering the door.

"Look!" cried Peggy, "there's Chris now!"

"Damn him," said Lem viciously. "Get him to come over here." Peggy spoke to a waiter who sought out the young man. In a few moments he was letting himself down in a chair at the table. "You're a nice damn dummy," Lem greeted him.

"What's the matter, Lem?" asked Chris. He smiled at Peggy. He had nice white teeth.

"You sell me ten thousand dollars worth of choice confiscated goods one day," wailed Lem, "and the next day your police come and take it away."

"What!" The detective was plainly

puzzled.

"That's what happened. Don't play innocent—"

"You go to hell, Lem! Do you think I'd double-cross a friend?"

"Well, anyhow you didn't protect me like you promised—"

"Of course I have," said Chris. "There wouldn't be any raid in this precinct without my knowledge."

"But there *was* one!" Lem snarled.

Chris lit a cigaret and blew two rings before he answered. "There was no raid," he insisted. "You've been prowled."

Lem almost leapt from his chair. "Prowled?" he gasped.

"Sure. A gang got on to your having this supply, and they snitched it by posing as screws. You're a damn fool, Lem. You should have telephoned me before they got away with it—"

"I tried to, but they kept me pinned against the wall."

"They made no arrests?"

"No. They said indictments would be drawn tomorrow."

Chris laughed. "You boob," he said softly. "I'm sorry for you, of course—"

"Can't you do something?"

"Not a chance."

"But without the water my place will be ruined," Lem chattered.

Chris was thoughtful. "If that's all," he said, "maybe I could get you another load."

"Could you? At once?"

"Maybe."

"I'd be willing to pay the same price."

The detective shook his head. "You know the new commissioner's vigilance . . . the price has gone up. It'll cost you fifteen grand."

Lem groaned again. "I've got to have it. . . . When will you get it here?"

"In less than an hour."

"All right."

"I'll have to have the money in cash. You know how it is."

"Sure. I've got it here," said Lem.

"Put it up in three packets—five grand in each."

"Sure." Lem rose and made his way



"I've got my man, he'll deliver the stuff in half an hour."

to the office upstairs where the burglar-proof safe was kept, while Chris went to telephone. Peggy ordered an orange-ice and sipped it until the two men returned.

"I got my man," said Chris. "He'll deliver the stuff in half an hour."

"Here's the money," said Lem. He handed over three small packets.

"Thanks." Chris dropped them in his coat-pockets.

"I'll go get the cellar ready," said Lem. He hurried off.

Peggy and the detective looked at each other. Then they smiled faintly.

"Reach under the table," said Chris, "and take this packet."

"Thanks," said Peggy. She slipped it in her bag held under the table.

"I called Sully. He's got the truck in a garage a few blocks away. He's bringing the stuff right over."

"No chance of Lem recognizing it?"

"Not in the least. It's all in cases." He smiled. "You'll soon have a real drink instead of that orange."

"I never drink whoopee water," said Peggy.

"Nor I," said Chris. "A guy has to keep his head in this racket. I've seen too many blow their tops."

"When are you going to give that wad to Sully? I suppose one packet is for him."

"Sure. One for him; one for me. But I'm going to wait till the stuff is delivered. I don't trust Sully."

She nodded. "Too reckless with his gat. He's headed for a hot-seat in the dance-hall."

"He doesn't know I originated this little racket to storm Lem's hootch-cache, does he?"

"No," said Peggy. "He doesn't even know that I know you."

"Then don't tell him. It's just as well for him to think of me merely as a customer."

"Much better."

"Say, you're awfully good to me. Why?" Her eyes, resting on his square jaw and virile mouth, lighted with passion. He read his answer there. "Can't we—?" he asked.

She nodded. "Of course. Only we'll have to be careful."

"Why? Are you anybody's sweets?"

"No; but I've got a husband?"

Chris whistled. "A husband! . . . Well, what does he figure?"

"I've already told you. He's too

damned ready to fog away at anybody who hangs around me."

"You mean—Sully?"

"That's him."

The young detective lit a cigaret and thought for a few moments. "All right," he said finally, "I get you. He's headed for a hot-seat in the dance-hall, is he? You bet he is. And when he's roasted, there'll be nothing between us!" He rose and pressed the fire out of his cigaret. "Good-bye, honey—for a while," he said.

He strolled off, the personification of youth and strength and physical courage. Peggy watched him until he had disappeared through the door. Then she rose and went to the telephone booth and called a number.

"Hello . . . Sully, is it you? . . . Listen,

have you got the stuff hid? . . . Sure? . . . Well, Chris, the damn fool, is coming to buy it back for Lem. Got fifteen grand, and is going to give you five. . . . Sure, I've got five. He's got ten on him.

"Listen, he's gunning for you. Wants to get rid of you so he can make me. Understand? He's no half-heart, that kid! Better get him first. And don't forget the ten grand in his pocket. With my five, and the truck-load, we'll make twenty-five thousand out of the racket. But shoot quick and straight. . . . Sure, I'll be home about four."

Peggy hung up the receiver, powdered her nose, and strolled back into the dining-room. It was time to wring some applause out of the Big Sewer Men for those lousy Esprit sisters!



In our next issue
"French Farce"
by Richard Milne

Brain Waves

GLADYS: "I just adore children, and when we are married I'm going to have a nursery full of them"

GEORGE: "But I just can't *bear* them!"

GLADYS: "You won't have to, dear. That'll be *my* job!"



*Eenie, meenie, minie, mo,
Hug a flapper kinda low!—
If she giggles, then you'll know—
Eenie, meenie, minie, mo!*



THE LOVER IS THE
SUNDAY BEST HUS-
BAND—THE HUS-
BAND THE EVERY
DAY LOVER.



The Naughty Cheat

By Frank Kenneth Young



A PARTY was being thrown at Mrs. Dale Hart's apartments. She was a dashing, young divorcee who loved plenty of boom-boom. Her fast, young friends were of the sort who thrive on making whoopee. Possibly a dozen of them were assembled there now. Dancing and cards served to entertain them for awhile. Then the drinks were passed, and with each passing the party grew more hilarious.

Marion Nelson in particular imbibed rather freely. The fifth or sixth drink so impaired her balance that when she sat down after a dance, the chair tipped over carrying her with it. Her scream of laughter attracted everybody's attention; her long, shapely legs bespraddled ceilingward held it! Several moments elapsed before she could regain an upright position and rearrange her abbreviated skirt. And in the brief interlude, Teddy Barnes gave birth to an idea.

Since all of the girls were wearing short skirts, and all possessed beautiful legs, why not, just for fun, stage a beauty contest, the woman with the most attractive legs to receive a prize? It would be lotsa fun, he declared over the rim of his glass. Everybody loved a good leg show; the event would add spice to the entertainment, and so on.

"Let's do!" agreed the men enthusiastically.

The women, at first, were rather hesitant, but gradually they were won over by Mrs. Hart, and all finally agreed.

"We'll have to see 'em or we can't judge 'em," said Shorty Phelps tipsily. "Let's go to tippin' over chairs!"

"No!" said Gladys Lyon, "I know of a better way. We girls will arrange it so the boys can see our legs, but so they can't see our faces to tell who we are. That will make it necessary for the judges to



select the winner on merit alone. If they don't know whose legs they're looking at, they can't show partiality, see?"

All conceded the plan most sensible. Besides, the touch of mystery would make the game more exciting.

"I have it!" exclaimed Mrs. Hart. "If the winner receives the honor of having the prettiest legs, let's make the losers pay forfeits!"

"Fair enough!" they decided.

The women repaired to another room to arrange the details of the expose, and when all was in readiness, the men were called in.

"You see," said Mrs. Hart, pointing to a large, white curtain stretched across one end of the room, "the girls are behind the curtain getting ready. You men are to remain here. When everybody is set, we'll raise the curtain high enough to reveal our legs as we stand in a row behind it. Thus you'll see the legs of every woman present, but you won't be able to recognize them. You men will cast your votes for the pair you consider most attractive, and the pair receiving the largest number of votes will be adjudged winner by unanimous assent. Is all clear and satisfactory?"

"Perfectly so," they agreed.

The young divorcee repaired behind the curtain and the men sat down to wait. Certain rustling sounds advertised the fact that garments were being removed, and much suppressed laughter testified to the popularity of the contest. Presently, the curtain was raised a few inches, and the men saw six pairs of bare, white feet standing in a row.

"'Ata girls!" they applauded. "Great stuff! Boy, what pretty tootsies!"

The curtain was slowly raised higher, until six pairs of round, curving calves were revealed.

"C'mon, babies!" chirped the eager

young men, and knees next came into prominence.

"Now, boys," said a voice from behind the curtain, "I think we've gone far enough."

"Aw, what the heck? . . . You're just startin'! . . . What we wanna judge is thighs, hips! . . . For Pete's sake! . . ."

Slowly and by scant degrees the curtain was raised till round, plump thighs were revealed, and there revelation stopped. Even so, it was enough. For what a lovely line-up of beauty, and how well it was appreciated!

The women were standing side by side, backs toward the curtain, feet close together; and the spectacle of the six pairs of nude legs, pink and white, with soft, satiny skin and adorable curves, reaching up, up, up, growing ever more beautiful, to disappear behind the curtain in tantalizing mystery, was a sight fascinating to behold! The men leaned eagerly forward, drinking it in with passionate eyes, allowing their gaze to kiss and caress plump, warm flesh and linger lovingly from limb to limb.

"Oh, Baby!" whispered Teddy Barnes. "Look at the thigh on that one!"

And, "Hot Poppa, what color in those! I honestly believe she's blushing!" murmured Harry Moore.

"I wish I was blind," said Shorty Phelps, "so I could judge 'em all by the touch system!"

"Well, boys," spoke a voice from behind the curtain, "gaze your fill but don't strain your optics! You're supposed to be deciding which legs are most beautiful, you know."

Ardent contemplation turned to serious consideration. So lovely were all of the limbs that it became exceedingly difficult to decide which pair came nearest to per-

(Turn to page 34)

Hot Nights



"Sweetie lamb, do you believe in disarmament?"

"No, dear, unless I hear some one coming!"



LOVESTRUCK

*"Daddy saw you last night, kissing—
And I helped him to his feet. . . ."*

*"Helped him?" "Yes," said younger sister;
"He was overcome by heat!"*



in the Village



"They say bread contains alcohol."

"Then let's drink a little toast!"

HE: Isn't it rather dark there?"

SHE: "Coward!"



JIM: *"That is a beautiful arm you have?"*

MAE: *"Yes, I got that playing basket-ball."*

JIM: *"Do you ever play football?"*

ANSWER THIS

It ain't unwise when Junior cries
To watch your step, and yet—
If prohibition makes us dry,
What makes Junior wet?



HOST: "I'm delighted to see you, Miss Polly, I've heard so much about you."

MISS POLLY (startled): "Oh, but you can't prove anything!"

"Suppose you had a box of cigars and no lighter, how could you light a cigar?"

"I really don't know."

"Take one cigar out of the box and then the box will be a cigar lighter!"

MAID: "Your husband would like to see you immediately."

FILM STAR (sleepily): "Which husband?"



"I have such an indulgent husband," said Mrs. Angel.

"So I hear. Indulges too much, doesn't he?" responded Mrs. Catt.

ISABEL: "Why are there no marriages in heaven?"

NOBLE: "Because it is heaven!"

Collegiate

By Jack Woodford

(Part II)

Did Ruth err in allowing her love for Fred to overpower his resistance? Read the answer!

"Come over here and sit down beside me," Ruth directed. She knew that she had never looked more beautiful; she had seen to that. And the perfume was especially for the occasion and put on with a lavish hand.

Fred sat down beside her upon the lounge.

"Love me, Freddy?"

"Oh, do I—but what right have I got to—"

"To neglect such a splendid opportunity. . . . Kiss me."

"Honestly, Ruth, this isn't—"

"Kiss me!"

He kissed her.

The delicious madness of it. A young Greek God content to worship from afar, suddenly come to breath-taking life. Somewhere downstairs a radio was going. It sounded like music coming out of Heaven. Ruth leaned back. His hot kisses were upon her throat, her bosom, in an ecstasy of passion. His arms crushed her so that she could have cried out with pain. . . . Afterward, Freddy was so penitent it was pitiful.

"It was my fault," Ruth pointed out. "I planned it all."

"But why?"

"Because I'm mad about you, Freddy."

"And I am about you, too, Ruth; but it's going to be so darned hard now to not have you."

"Who's going to stop you from having me?"

"You mean any time I want?"

"Certainly."

"But I'll want you all the time."

"Nothing could be sweeter."

"But, gee, kid . . . what's going to be the answer to all this? You only eighteen, and me twenty. I wouldn't want anything in the world more than that you might become my wife . . . but I haven't even got the nerve to ask you. What am I? Compared to you. I've got nothing to offer you."

"Why worry about the future when we've got the present?"

"Maybe you're right . . . but—"

And from that day forward, all of life had taken on a new tinge. A pink tinge. For the crush didn't wear off. Fred, always in the background . . . never jealous . . . never suspicious . . . always worshipping.



"Don't you know it is dangerous for pretty girls like you to be wandering around alone on the campus at night."

A year, two years, three years of bliss. Fred, always Fred. For he was the kind a girl didn't tire of. True blue, and always the worshiper. It took a long time to argue him into accepting little gifts of money; but finally he did, on the strength of the argument that he ought to be well-dressed to go around with her. And then the present of a car. And yet, somehow all this hadn't spoiled Fred, as it would have spoiled any other boy. Always there was in the back of his mind the notion that by some miracle he might, some day, be in a position to marry Ruth, to give her what she was accustomed to having; which was, in short, everything.

And then that season of seasons. The end of school. The end of campus days forever. It came down upon everybody like a thunderclap. For four years they had been straining toward it. And now that it was here. . . . Astoundingly it wasn't a welcome thing after all. The end of make-believe living, the start, for many, of real living.

That last night, sitting on a bench at the water's edge, wrapped in the magic of the campus. The school buildings all lighted up in a last blaze of glory before the closing of school, while everybody cleared up odds and ends of things, preparatory to leaving. They had parted before, temporarily, for vacations; but this was to be a full year's parting, for Ruth was to have a year in Europe. Fred was to remain in Evanston. He'd been offered a job.

"Ruth, angel," he begged, "are you sure you care enough to wait awhile, until I can make the sort of money I'd need to ask you to be my wife."

"Of course I'll wait," Ruth assured him. "And it's a good thing I'm going away. You'll have a chance to attend to something beside me for a change."

"It'll be hell—you way off across the

water. Me here. How'll I stand it?"

"Oh, you'll stand it all right," Ruth assured him.

Practically, however, she didn't ever expect to see him again. One must go out into life now. To Europe . . . there would be far more exciting things . . .

It was while she was in London that the crash came. Ruth hurried back to the United States. But it was no use. Everything was gone. All the glittering wealth stripped away. Broke. Flat broke in New York. The city which she had felt so at ease in before, because of her wealth, frightened her half to death now, with its bigness and hardness. Back to Chicago. A job, at last. And all of this time, not a word to Fred. Even when he had had her address she had not answered his letters. Better that way. Let him forget her. . . . Though she didn't ever quite forget.

It took a number of months, at work, in Chicago, for the madness to clear away, and for clear vision to come. Ruth stood aghast, at last. Contemplating herself as she had been. A wanton. An outrageous wanton. True, here had only been one man. And yet; how disgraceful! She had given him money. She had turned him from an upright, decent, clean being, into a gigolo—that was worse than what she had done to herself, by far.

Without the bolstering thought of unlimited wealth behind it all, it took on a different hue. The hue of sheer reality. Lonely and afraid . . . aching for Fred's worshiping, steadfast love, she did not communicate with him. She had done enough to him already. His family had barely been able to get him through school. They needed his support. The last straw would be to throw herself upon him, penniless. And after college, when he, too, faced the realities of life, away from her . . . out of her seductive influence . . .

(Turn to Page 36)

The Naughty Cheat

(Continued from page 27)

fection. And despite previous acquaintance with the women, the judges could not immediately identify any given pair of legs, so successfully did the curtain conceal identities.

"Turn around, girls," suggested one of the men. "Some knees may have dimples in 'em, and such things always count."

They turned.

"I've another idea, too!" suggested an unknown voice. "When you pick the winner, you must also identify her. If you fail to do so, you'll forfeit as well as the girls who fail to win."

"Hot stuff!" commented the calf and ankle experts.

And the judging went on.

As each man had his individual idea of beauty, and there was such an excellent variety to choose from, the final selection was made very difficult. But, at last, each man made his decision. They were about to cast the votes when they turned for a last, long look at the row of beautiful legs. Several men gasped slightly; there was a long moment of intense silence filled with suppressed excitement.

"Have you reached a decision?" asked a voice from behind the curtain.

"WE HAVE!" they chorused in emphatic finality.

"And I," added Shorty Phelps, "appoint myself a committee of one to advance and touch the lady's legs that she may know herself winner!"

"Don't you dare!" threatened several indignant voices. "You're to guess the identity of the lady!"

There was a whispered consultation; the judges argued pro and con. Finally, Ted Barnes whispered something confidentially.

"Are you sure?" they asked.

"Sure! It's a hot tip—you can't go wrong!"

"Very well," said Harry Moore. "The winner of this contest is the woman second to your right from the end of the line."

"Ohhhh!"—in murmurs of mingled surprise, pleasure, disappointment and chagrin.

"Her name is Mrs. Dale Hart!" added Barnes in a loud voice.

"Well, you are right," came in the divorcee's tones.

"How'd he guess?" asked one of the girls.

"Humph!" sniffed another, disappointedly. "He probably recognized his own fingerprints!"

"Grace, be quiet!" laughed the winner. "Because I consider the decision of the judges a very high honor, I would like very much to show my appreciation. But since it is up to the losers to pay some sort of forfeit for having lost, I guess I'll just let them have the center of the stage for a moment. Gentlemen, will you pardon the ladies if they turn their backs?"

The ladies did so! The curtain rose abruptly, disclosing the five game losers standing with back to view, laughing daringly back over their shoulders.

Boom, Boom! Whoopee!

For an instant, the girls were glimpsed, then the curtain dropped once more into place, hiding them wholly from view.

The men made a concentrated rush.

"Stop!" commanded Mrs. Hart, appearing before them hastily attired in an all-concealing wrap. "The girls have been sports. They've paid their forfeits. Let's not have any rough stuff!"

There was a smile on her lips as she spoke. The men glanced at one another, then burst out laughing, and passed from the room . . .

Several nights later, they met again at a party, to which Mrs. Hart had not been invited. They were talking about the leg show staged at her apartment.

"It was our tough luck," commented one of the girls who had lost. "We didn't win any prize, yet we had to raise the curtain to pay our forfeits!"

The men looked at one another and grinned.

"Shall we tell?" asked Ted Barnes. The others nodded.

"You girls didn't know," he chuckled, "but you weren't so wise as Mrs. Hart! You raised the curtain to pay your forfeits, but that's what SHE did to WIN!"



"The Daughter of Don Juan"

By EVE LAWRENCE.

in the March issue of
JOY STORIES

Collegiate

(Continued from Page 33)

wouldn't he see things clearly. . . . And shudder. Shudder at the horror of it, viewed in the light of clear reasoning. The thing that she had done . . . to herself . . . to him. Wouldn't he view her with cold contempt. Never, never would she take that chance. Life could not be lived at all then. . . . To know that he despised her. When she loved him still. Loved him as much as ever.

Ruth stopped at the edge of the lake, looking out over the clear waters, coming back to present consciousness. Here it had been that they said good-bye. The poignant beauty of the evening, the flood of memories, the associations of the campus, with its memories of those dearest and dearest of days . . . school days. When she had everything. Money, social position . . . and love. And now. A job in a department store. A heart so full of sweet memories that it was almost too heavy to be borne. How different life looked from such a stark viewpoint. How she had played fast and loose with life, thinking there would be no future to worry about. If there were only some way to go back. Back to live over everything. What use in going forward?

It was not, after all, absolutely necessary to go forward, she recalled. Almost at this exact spot, other girls had solved egregious problems quite simply. She looked down at the water below her. It was clean and cool and still. What was drowning like? A few moments of struggle. Then unconsciousness forever. They'd find her on the shore of the campus. What would it matter to anybody? What would Fred say when he heard? If a person were to do a thing like this the thing to do was to move quickly and get it over with before fear crashed down to prevent action. Ruth

moved close to the bank. Prepared to jump.

"Stop that!" said a voice behind her with such clear, incisive force that she obeyed hypnotically. She turned around. It was very dark now. A cigar lighter flared up brightly. Just for a moment. But it was enough.

"Freddy!" Ruth got out, so weakly that it was hardly more than a sigh.

She was in his arms. She could feel him trembling.

"Honey! What the hell! What were you going to do?"

"The only thing left for me to do."

"Why didn't you let me know where you were? I've hunted everywhere. When one of the fellows called me to say they'd seen you at the station, I could hardly believe it. I've ransacked the campus for you. Thought maybe you'd come here."

"The criminal," she laughed, "always returns to the scene of her crimes."

"Don't talk so damn silly. Kiss me."

She kissed him. All the old thrill. He was hugging her tight . . . tight . . . as of old. All the old madness for him shot through her. They were alone . . . nobody else near. The campus was deserted now. Not even a voice in the distance near the gates.

"Why not? . . ." One more supreme thrill, before going off into the darkness. Then she'd force him to leave her. Go away and leave her at that spot. Then off into the death darkness. Surely one who was ready and willing to pay with her life for her mistake merited at least one more mistake to pay for. He was murmuring to her, little broken, ecstatic phrases. She knew all the little tricks that enticed him. Led him on. . . . Shamelessly. On, on . . . alone under the moon, hedged in by the shadowing trees. But it was not sweet as of old. Something had gone out of her. All the time she was adoring him; but in

a different way. Her hands in his hair. Dear, worshipping Fred; not one whit changed; still her slave, to do with as she liked . . . if she only might have done something clean and really beautiful for him, as a last memory to cherish of her after she was gone. Instead of this. . . This . . . which had lost some of its old allure, because life had changed her.

At last, they sat upon the bench, talking in low tones.

"I've waited for you constantly, honey, and worked hard; there was never anybody else."

"How silly," she laughed, metallicly. "Why didn't you go right on *living*. I did."

"What do you mean?" he gasped. "That there were others?"

"Of course, silly. You don't suppose I was cut out for a nun, do you, Freddy?"

"But I heard you had lost everything. That's why I tried so hard to find you. I supposed that perhaps, at last, I might be in a position to ask you to be my wife."

She laughed.

"I'm not cut out for a wife, Freddy."

"Tell me, truly, Ruth; you're just lying about there having been other men."

"How do you suppose I'm making a living?"

"Ruth! What do you mean!"

"You don't suppose I could *work*, do you, after the way I was brought up. And it's not in me, anyway. I'm lazy. And o, I took the easiest way, as lazy women have since the dawn of 'civilization'."

"You mean . . ."

"Exactly. That's what I was hanging around the campus for tonight. I remembered the wealthy chaps who used to come here. I thought I'd pick up some money."

He moved away from her.

"Stop it! Ruth!" he said, angrily. "I love you enough to stand for almost any-

thing; but I can't stand your cracking such ghastly jokes as that."

"Joke, nothing. You owe me some money. Do you understand now?"

For a long time he was silent. And then, suddenly, she heard him sobbing. The sound nearly drove her mad; but with superhuman force she kept from going to him to tell him that she had been lying. It was agony. But he'd go away in a minute now, and all of life's troubles would soon be over. He'd go back to his family, back to the clean sort of life he would always have led, if it hadn't been for her. No man could stand what she had just revealed and still cling to a vestige of love or respect.

Presently he was back at her side again.

"It don't matter, honey," he whispered.

"I understand. It wasn't your fault. You'd been brought up not to know anything about life . . . you couldn't support yourself . . . you'd been spoiled at home, all that. It doesn't make a bit of difference. I'm making excellent money now . . . enough for us to live decently, and for me to help out at home, too. And I'm due for advancement. Please, Ruth, honey, say you'll marry me."

"What!" she gasped, "even after what I've told you?"

"It doesn't make any difference."

"You'd forgive *that*?"

"I love you—that's all I care about. And if you really don't love me any more, I'll make you love me again, somehow. Please, Ruth, honey, say you'll marry me."

Gradually, the magic began to steal back into the campus. The stately trees under moonlight, making lacy patterns of shadow upon the grass. The silent, dearly familiar buildings, silhouetted against the sky. The silent lake, with, far out, an excursion steamer brightly lighted.

"Is it possible," Ruth breathed, to herself, though loudly enough for him to hear,

"that I had to lose everything I thought was worth while, in order to find what *was* worth while?"

"You will marry me then?"

"Listen, Freddy, sweetheart. . . . I lied to you. Lied to you because I thought it would be for the best. If you really want me, you must be crazy, but there's nothing in the world I'd rather be than your wife. There's never been anybody but you, before or after . . . there will never be anybody but you."

As they walked hand in hand out of the

Sheridan Road campus gate, past the offices inhabited by the dean of men and the dean of women, they came into the rays of the bright arc light there. The dean of women, happening to look out, recognized them both. She sighed and remarked to her sister, who was with her, helping to clear up details incident to the first rush of registration:

"There goes an ideal pair. They behaved perfectly in school . . . no breath of scandal. Isn't it too bad that all students cannot be so well behaved?"



In our next issue is another story

by

BUENA VISTA STINE

"The Mummy Speaks"



Watch for It!

Private Party

By Phillip Hyde



*Anita was an experienced girl
whom many men had adored—
but none of them had touched
her heart till Jerry came along*

ANITA CAREWE stepped buoyantly from her bath to the perfumed boudoir of her Miami apartment. She surveyed her pure white body as reflected by the mirror—a flashing vision of nude loveliness and Anita knew it. Her pink tipped breasts rose full and fair, her slender torso and supple legs were perfect, nothing less. Many men had wanted her, but none had yet possessed her. To be sure there had been frequent passing fancies, light farces; but Anita was setting her cap for something bigger and more profitable.

And who could be more profitable than young and dashing Jerry Cranston, heir to the Cranston oil millions? Tonight she

was to meet Jerry for the first time, at a party the Vangelds were giving. How she had managed an invitation to the select affair was still a thing of wonderment to Anita, but it was a fact. For the delicately engraved card lay upon the dressing table at the very moment.

There was only one difficult thing about hooking this Cranston person, and that was the fact that he was already equipped with one wife which, according to the law of the land, is ample. But, what price a spouse in the lists of love? So Anita thought and hurried on with her dressing, which wasn't much. A dainty pair of step-ins, a wisp-like brassiere that revealed

(Turn to page 42)

A Bit of Ginger



"Is it true you are going to divorce Jack?"

"Yes—I'm tired of living alone."



"Woman, you are concealing something from me," said the villain as he grasped the heroine by the hand.

"No she ain't, boss," sang a voice from the peanut gallery, *"not in dat dress."*

NILE DUET

*Cleopatra built a castle by the River Nile,
Where every little while,
She would dance, dance, dance!
She had the power to fascinate,
She made all men appreciate,
Or put them in a trance, trance, trance!
She charmed Mark Antony. They say*

(Mark Antony)

*He said to her one Summer day:
"What's this devilish mystery?
Oh, Cleo, say, what can it be?
This power that thrills and fills me
With its witchery?
It's like Egyptian skies,
Some far-off dreamland paradise—
The light that lies in woman's eyes!
And lies, and lies, and lies!"*

(Cleopatra)

*"My wonderful fascination,
Has got you within my power!
My wonderful fascination
Is luring you every hour!
You don't know what to call it!
But you're always falling for it!
It's feminine fascination!
You bow to its siren spell;
My wonderful fascination
Is leading you straight to hell!"*

(Mark Antony)

*"True that may be, my lovely Queen,
Yet do not treat me cool!"*

(Cleopatra)

*"Ah, no! Ah, no! I'm still your Queen,
Kiss me, my glorious fool!"*

(Both Together)

*"Oh, wonderful fascination,
Long may you hold hot sway!
Keep luring, luring,
Luring us far astray!"
(They sink down upon the slumber couch as
THE CURTAIN FALLS!)*

Private Party

(Continued from page 39)

what it was intended to conceal, a silver shimmering gown that set over her brunette beauty to perfection, hose and shoes and she was ready.

As she drove her roadster along the moonlit boulevard, Anita endeavored to recall some of the novels she had read wherein the "extra" lady always got her man. It was no use. There was nothing left to do but have fate takes its course; which fate did with a capital F. She knew well the location of the Vangeld palace and, coming to it, she turned to go up the winding drive. A shrieking raucous blast from the horn of the car behind her caused her to step on the brakes hard. A cream colored roadster of foreign make dashed around her own and, narrowly missing her, sped full tilt up the Vangeld gown—caught in the door as she stepped

down—had been torn from her shoulders, leaving her garbed in slightly more than nothing. The young man, hearing her involuntary cry, came running toward her. As he saw her standing there, clothed in the scantiest of step-ins and brassiere, a faint smile touched his lips.

"I say, isn't this an unusual way to come to a party? Quite nice though at that."

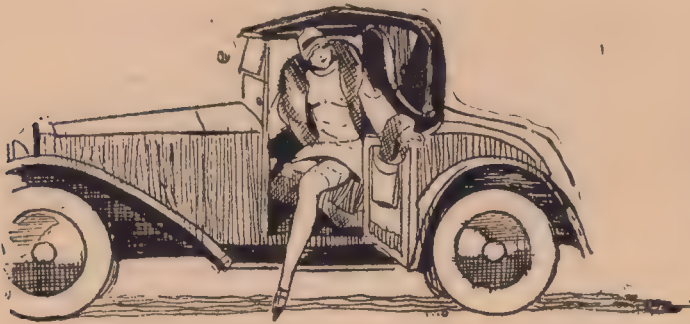
"Don't be a fool! Do something!"

"I will, just that." And without more ado, he picked her up and carried her to his car. "We'll dash up to my place and fix you up." He explained over her enraged protests. "Here, put this around you," handing her his coat.

Anita settled down in a far corner and smoked in silence until they pulled up in front of a palatial mansion, far more gilded than that of the Vangelds.

"Do you live *here*?" Anita asked in amazement.

"Sure thing. And let me introduce my-



Anita, furious with rage at his insolent driving tactics, stepped out, and slammed the door behind her . . .

drive. A bit shaken, Anita followed.

As she drew up, she saw the young man who had almost crashed into her getting out of his car just ahead. Anita, furious with rage at his insolent driving tactics, stepped out, slammed the door behind her and started toward him. But a tell-tale rip caused her to stop in dismay. Alas, her

self, I'm Jerry Cranston. Who are you?"

"Oh—I'm Anita Carewe. I was going to the Vangeld party."

"So was I; but what's one party more or less?"

Indeed, Anita thought, what mattered a hundred parties, when she had Jerry Cranston all for herself?

Once inside she seated herself on a luxurious divan while he mixed up cocktails with a fluent grace. The liquor was good; it warmed her blood and sent queer little thrills chasing up and down her spine. She remembered all the long weary days she had worked as a mannequin on peasant pay. She remembered many things, and forgot to look forward to the bleak future before her.

Jerry's hand fell upon her own in a casual touch and his eyes met hers with a gaze that was anything but casual. She saw then, what he wanted from her. He



She saw then what he wanted from her.

drew her close within his arms.

"Anita, you little devil, you've captured me."

"Is it so easy?"

"Do you want it to be?"

"For me, yes! for other's no."

"That's hard to understand."

"Not very, look at me." And he saw in her eyes, a longing look of desire.

"I can give you everything."

"I don't want anything but you."

"Anita!"

"Not so fast; are you sure that you want even me?"

"Of course I am darling."

"Then you shall have me, I am yours."

Jerry swept her up in his powerful arms and carried her to his room.

* * * *

With the morning sun streaming through the window, Jerry awoke and gazed about him expectantly. There was no one there. He rubbed his eyes as though to shake off the lingering effect of a dream. But it had been no dream; for on the table was a hastily written note.

"Dear Jerry:

It was wonderful, I'm not sorry but I don't think I can ever forget you.

Anita."

"What the devil?" he said aloud.

"Yes sir," answered the suave voice of Tuo, his valet.

"Oh nothing, nothing at all." Jerry dressed quickly and ordering his car, drove towards town. To find her, that was a problem. And why had she gone away?

He was almost home when, passing through the park, he espied a dejected figure upon a bench. He threw on the brakes and hurried toward her, hoping against hope.

"Anita!"

The girl looked up, "Jerry. . . ." she faltered.

"Dearest, why did you run away?"

"What was the use? I couldn't stand being there with you when I knew that sooner or later it would have to end."

"To end? Why?"

"Well, your wife, for one."

"My wife?"

"Aren't you married?"

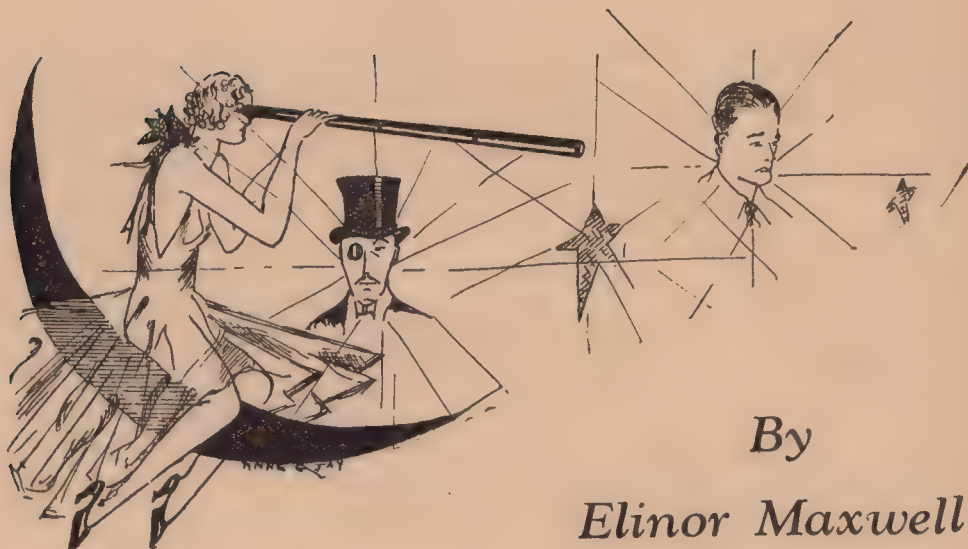
"I was . . . till a short time ago. Had a secret Paris divorce."

"Then you really want me love me?"

"More than anything else in the world!"

"Darling!"

In Search of a Millionaire



By

Elinor Maxwell

(Conclusion)

L OUISE!" I called frantically, for, with a strange intuition I knew her to be there. "Louise! Louise!"

There was no answer, and filled with apprehension, we rushed across the patio, through the drawing room, the dining room, and back into the hall, but Louise was nowhere to be found. Nor was she in our lighted bed room. Vases were upset and flowers strewn upon the tiled floors in puddles of water, chairs were overturned and the satin coverlet of a table lay crumpled against the leg of the piano.

Frightened into deathlike silence, we rushed frantically from one room to another, and then, pulling open the door of the breakfast room, Pelham Wood uttered a cry of horror.

Following upon his heels, we saw him bend over Louise's body, cold and limp, huddled against a closet door.

"Pelly!" shrieked Mrs. Wood. "Pelly! She isn't—?"

Pelham Wood lifted her in his arms—"No," he replied in a low voice, "just fainted! Louise! Louise!"

He carried her to a chaise-lounge in the drawing room and slowly, dazedly, she opened her eyes. "They're—in—the breakfast room closet," she said between gasps. "I—locked—them—there. They—thought they were—getting—out!"

"Who, Louise?" queried Mrs. Wood. "Who dear?"

"Two—men," Louise replied, her voice gaining strength. "When I came home,

the French doors from the hall were open and so I came in and turned on that switch by the piano."

"The one that lights up the entire cottage at once," interpolated Pelham Wood.

"Hearing sounds, and thinking Dinah and Harry were in the kitchen, I walked back into the breakfast room. I wanted some ice-water. Two men were there—handkerchiefs over their faces—one sort of behind the other, and when they saw me, the first one pulled open the closet door and slid in, and then, the second one, jerked it open after him and followed."

Pelham laughed grimly, "They mistook the closet door for the cellar door! What then, Louise?"

Louise placed a hand against her forehead. "My head hurts," she said, "I suppose—I hurt it when I fainted. You see, I must have fainted after I locked them up!"

"Bless your heart!" exclaimed Pelham, "of course, you did! Here, Brook, get this girl some whiskey! Where is that chap?"

Brook Goodwin emerged from the hall. "Telephoning the police," he said in a low voice. "There's no telling what those fellows might suddenly decide to—shoot through the door or something of the sort!"

This thought frightened us into silence which fortunately did not have to last long

as within what could not have been more than three minutes, footsteps were heard outside the cottage windows and, instantly, the place seemed flooded with men.

Without a word, Pelham Wood led the brigade to the door behind which crouched the enemy, and with a spin of the key in the lock, the leader of the party who turned out to be one Jim Fagan of Chicago—a plainclothes man—bade the trespassers to come forth, his men standing guard with pointed guns.

To our amazement, Dr. Jim Lane of Hannibal, Missouri, stepped from the closet and stood, white but smiling, before us.

"Jim!" cried Louise rushing to him and throwing her arms about him. "Jim dearest—dearest! What in the world are you doing here?"

"I came to see what was the matter with you!" Dr. Lane replied holding her close, as the detectives, the chair-drivers and the Woods looked on with open-eyed astonishment. "You hadn't written and I thought you must be ill or in trouble—so, unable to stand the suspense—"

"It is Dr. Jim Lane of Hannibal," I explained to the room at large, "her fiance!"

"But what was he doing in the closet?" Mrs. Wood demanded.

"Maybe *this* bird can explain," remarked Fagan, who with the help of Kahn, one of his men, was busy dragging the not strangely unwilling creature from the



recesses of the closet. "Here, boy," he said, "let me relieve you of your false face!" Quite playfully he tore the handkerchief from the man's chin, revealing to our stupified gaze the handsome, sullen face of—George Calhoun—our neighbor—our constant companion for the past ten days—Louise's erstwhile beau!

"George Calhoun!" I gasped, looking at him, as if for the first time, "George Canton Calhoun!"

"Huh!" grunted Kahn, "George C. Calhoun, alias Sir Jonathan Greenaway, alias Gentleman Joe, alias Captain Hubert Gilbert and so on! Mr. Wood, we've caught *some* bird! Why, this baby hasn't been out of my thoughts since he stepped off the train ten days ago, but I just couldn't quite get the goods on him!"

"Some of these little pearl thefts is going to be cleared up pretty quick now," volunteered Kahn, giving Calhoun's perfectly tailored shoulder an affectionate pat, "eh, kiddo?"

Calhoun, his eyes smouldering, shook off Kahn's hand. "If it hadn't been for Lane there," he said, "you fools never would have found me."

Fagan turned about and faced Dr. Lane, as if for the first time realizing the import of his presence there.

"And just, might I ask," he demanded, "who are you?"

"He is this lady's fiance, Fagan," Pelham Wood said, and then, extending his hand to Dr. Lane, "How do you do, Dr. Lane. Delighted to meet you—even if the circumstances are rather unique."

Dr. Lane laughingly shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

Fagan grunted. "His being the lady's intended," he remarked, "don't explain to me what he was doin' in that closet with Calhoun."

"You are quite right, Fagan," Jim conceded. "But I shall try to clear myself. You see, I arrived at Eaglesmere after

dark. The cottage was locked and deserted, so I decided to go back to the hotel until later in the evening when I supposed the Woods and Miss Bartruff would, of course, return. Passing the cottage next door, I glanced into a lighted window, and to my surprise, recognized ah—er—Calhoun, whom I had known as a boy in Hannibal, fifteen years ago. He was Harry Hansen then, the son of John Hansen who kept a livery stable on Third Street. He served a term in the State Reform School, if I remember correctly, and was an exceedingly incorrigible boy."

"Kahn," interrupted Fagan, "you and McGrath and Murphy can take Calhoun. I'll stay here and hear Lane's story. Horwitz, you and Myer wait outside for me."

None too gently, Kahn urged Calhoun towards the door.

"I want that lady to know," Calhoun said, straining back for a glance at Louise, "I want that lady to know that I meant everything I said to her!"

"Aw, forget it!" said Fagan, "whatever you said to her better be repeated to that wife of yours in Philadelphia!"

"How awful!" breathed Louise through frozen lips. "How awful!" As the last foot-fall died away on the gravel path and George Calhoun walked, hand-cuffed out of her life, she slipped her arm through Dr. Lane's and touched the rough tweed of his shoulder with her cheek.

"And then?" questioned Fagan, looking at Jim.

"Well," returned Jim, one of his big hands seeking Louise's and closing tightly over it, "I hadn't been looking at Calhoun—or Hansen, more than a second or so, when he rose from the chair in which he was sitting, and stepping to that side verandah, put on a cap, turned up his coat collar, tied a handkerchief over his face and started towards this house. Interested and suspicious, I followed him—through the French door he opened with a jimmy,

through the dark hall, and into the drawing room where, to his surprise, I leapt on his back and got his gun from him!"

"Oh, Jimmy!" said Louise with a catch in her voice, her eyes filling with tears as she looked adoringly up at him, "he might have killed you! He might have killed you!"

"Well," laughed Dr. Jim, "he didn't! he managed to knock me down once, however, just after I had got his gun, and was about to make his get-away through the breakfast room when you turned on the light, and I—followed him through what we both evidently thought was a door to the cellar. There was a tight minute or two when we discovered our mistake, but I told Calhoun I'd shoot if he moved—so he kept pretty docile until you opened the door."

"Well," remarked Fagan, turning to Mr. Wood, "this boy seems to be O. K. If you're satisfied, I am!"

"Satisfied!" shrilled Mrs. Wood, "satisfied! Why Mr. Fagan, Dr. Lane's a hero!"

Fagan guffawed. "That bein' the case," he said, "me and the boys may as well be leavin'."

"Not without drinking a toast to the capture of Calhoun," laughed Pelham Wood. "What say, Goodwin? Call your men, Fagan, and we'll see what the cellar holds. You chair-boys, too."

And then, as Mrs. Wood stepped democratically along with the crowd to the kitchen, Dr. Lane caught Louise in his arms.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, pushing him away, "don't say a thing until you've heard what a vain, horrid, grasping little fool I've been."

Discreetly, I started to tip-toe away, but Louise called me back. "I don't mind in the least if you hear what I am going to

say, Katrine," she said, her lower lip trembling pathetically. "In fact, I'd rather you did. You've witnessed my foolishness. Jim, I love you more than my very life. I—I want you to know that. I'm telling you that first, so that if you hate me after you hear what I have to say—if you feel that you never wish to see me again, you may know, always, that I love you."

"Louise, darling," begged Dr. Lane, "this isn't necessary. You can't have done anything so terrible. Please dear—"

"But I have!" insisted Louise, her hand pulling at the throat of her chiffon frock as if it were choking her. "Listen to me, Jim! I came here thinking that if some very rich man asked me to marry him, I'd—do—so, I thought I would jilt you, Jim. Do you hear?—You—the best man God ever made—turn you down for just anybody with money! I wanted to 'live the life,' as they say. I was fool enough to think that I was just a little bit too good for a small town. I wanted to travel and to wear lovely clothes and jewels. It was not until tonight that I realized what a pitiful fool I've been. Of course, you loathe me! Of course you will never speak to me again!"

Jim took one of her trembling hands in his and touched it to his lips. "I don't loathe you," he said gravely. "You have merely gone through that restless age which is part of every pretty woman's life. Thank God, it is passed, and will not have to be coped with—after we are married!"

For an unbelieving moment, Louise stared incredulously into his face. Then, worshipfully, reverently, lifted her lips to be kissed.

"Oh, Jimmy," she said tenderly, "I'll be so happy just to cook for you, and care for you, and love you—all—the rest—of—my life!"

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Robert S., (Buffalo).—Has a materialistic outlook, with little imagination, but many superstitions he would be much better without. He is both obstinate and impulsive in an immature, sluggish sort of way—by this we mean that he acts without any idea of what the consequences may be, but, even so, acts slowly. He has got to smarten himself up an awful lot before he can hope to do much, and he must learn to cut out all tendencies towards Luck trusting. Only sheer hard work and in-

telligent planning can help him.

Angela, (Atlanta).—A passionate little lady who is obstinate as the proverbial mule. We should say that she has had an awful lot of trouble during her short life, and that this has, to some extent, warped her original warmly generous nature. Now, she is aggressive, disillusioned, easily jealous, and easily fiery—one who demands more than she ever intends to give in reciprocation, but one whose volcanic heart may, even yet, still lead her astray.

Look to Your Men

(Continued from page 8)

around her. She leaned her head against his shoulder.

"Happy?" he asked.

"Perfectly," she said. She was. Something of life, unknown, tumultuous, beat in her. She felt exalted, winged with power.

They drove to the beach. Moonlight walked with golden feet over the floor of the ocean. Waves surged to the shore. A swift wind snatched the spray from their gleaming crests and whisked it out in lavender manes.

Linda opened her door and jumped out. She felt as clean and powerful as the wind whipping in from the sea.

"Oh, I'm glad we came!" she cried.

"I knew you would be," he said. "Let's go down on the sand."

She swung her cloak open, let the wind pierce her. The earth, the luminous sky, the sea, seemed waiting. Nothing as perfect as this ever had been.

"I'll race you for it," she called to Alan, and started.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'll grab a blanket."

"What for?"

"Well, the sand—your dress—"

"What do I care for a dress on a night like this?"

"I've got it, anyway. Okay. Let's go."

They raced down through beach asters and clinging plant growth. He surged ahead of her, looked back, mocked, "Come on, poke!"

She dropped down in the cool moist growth, as if she had tripped. He looked back and shouted, "What's the matter?"

She kept her head bent, not answering. He ran back, bent over her, asked anx-

iously, "Linda, are you hurt?"

She didn't move. He bent down and lifted her up, turning her around, bringing her breast close to him, her shoulders bent back, head back, the white oval of her throat below his face.

"Linda," he said anxiously.

With mocking laughter she slipped from his arms, pushed him back, ran up the yielding dune. He scrambled after her. She reached the top, raced down the other side, reached the beach ahead of him.

"Laugh at me, will you?" she taunted.

"You little devil!" he said. Catching her suddenly, he swung her in his arms, held her away, his hands tight at her sides, until her eyes lifted and looked into his.

"You devil, you beautiful little devil!"

The vigor of warm blood coursing in her body exalted her. For this the earth and the sky had been waiting. A wave broke on the shore, and the voice of the sea chanted in unbroken cadence,

"Life—life—life—life—"

Suddenly his arms drew her against him.

"Oh, Alan," she said, and bent her head back. Her open lips met his seeking them, met his now without resistance, passionate, responding.

All the reserves went then. The fire behind the quiet eyes was freed, the dam was broken. Love, the greedy, the relentless, overwhelmed her.

It was morning when they went back to the campus.

She expected him the next night. He did not come. She spent a hideous evening waiting. For two days he did not come. Then she had a brief letter. His family, he said, was taking him on a trip abroad. He wasn't going to finish out the term. He was sorry not to have seen her to say good-bye, but good-byes were always clumsy, anyway. He was awfully glad to have known her, and he would always have a warm spot in his heart for her.

He wished her the best of luck, always.

Dazed, unable to believe, she wrote him the briefest pitiful note:

Don't you love me, then?

His answer was briefer than her note:

Grow up.

She walked the back lanes of the campus one whole night, distraught, sometimes weeping, sometimes silently biting her lips until blood came. The sun came up in scarlet splendor. Its beauty mocked her agony. She fled to her room, where she locked herself in and stayed all day. In the evening she went out to eat and was taken sick. She went back to her room. A sorority sister heard her moaning, and called a doctor.

After two days' observation, the doctor diagnosed a case of severe nervous breakdown and ordered her home for the rest of the year. Her father came and got her.

IT was fall. Aileen Brooks and Ruth Michaels, back early to get the house ready, were discussing things in general.

"My dear," said Aileen, "have you seen Linda Norton this summer?"

"No," said Ruth, "but I've heard some mighty funny things."

"Well," said Aileen, "I wouldn't be surprised if they were true. My dear, I saw her one day at the Paramount—just by chance—I was buying tickets and Linda walked up to me—and, well, I nearly dropped. You should have seen her—shoulders all hunched over and face painted up. She lounged up and said, 'Got a cigarette, Aileen?' and I swear, Ruth, I could have taken her for a woman of the streets."

"Well, Becky Ellsworth told me she heard that she was running around with Sam Danforth, and Lord, Aileen, you know what he is, and what any girl that runs around with him is."

"I felt sorry for her, though," said Aileen, "so I asked her out to lunch. I think she took Alan Walker's dropping her hard. She acted queer with me. I've got a hunch she knows we set Alan up to it."

"Probably some of the girls have put her wise."

"Probably. You know, Alan's not coming back this year. Something funny there. Well, anyway, I told her he wasn't worth snapping her fingers over, and she said, 'My God, Aileen, do you think I'm worrying about him?' Just like that!"

"Well, if she's coming back and lives in the house, she's got to pull herself together, that's all—"

"If she doesn't, we'll ask her to move out."

"It's too bad. I'm sorry about Linda. She had such possibilities—if she'd gone the right way."

"I'm sorry, too. Say, did you see that show at the Criterion last week—the one with Sally Moore? Wasn't it a darling show?"

LINDA came back. She was indeed changed. She came, clothes and war-paint and all, and started the year off right by going on a party at the Palace Hotel with Sam Danforth and returning at five in the morning.

Whereupon Aileen and Ruth and Becky, who represented now the high and mighties of Gamma Alpha, thought it time to give her a warning. They walked into her room prepared to be sisterly but firm.

"We think, dear," said Aileen, "that you ought to be a little careful. There's the honor of the house to consider, you know. Whatever you do reflects on the rest of us. Now Sam Danforth—"

That was as far as they got. Linda sprang up. Her desk chair spun back

(Turn to page 54)

Prudence Forgets Her Name

(Continued from page 12)

"Aw, I guess I'd better go. I don't belong in no place where I can't breathe aloud." He made as if to rise and leave her, but Prudence gave one little gasp, a faint cry like a child that is afraid to be left alone.

"No, no!" she whispered. "Don't go."

Once again her arms were about his heavily muscled neck. The touch of them, so warm and soft and pulsing with desire was more compelling than cables of steel. He could not go now. His huge arms encircled her pliant waist.

Her head fell back under his embrace—her hat had dropped to the floor, and was under their feet. What matter?

Her eyes closed; her body relaxed; a weakness came over her that left her no more than a baby in his arms. What matter? What did anything matter?

She had found it at last; the stuff of drama; the stuff of which stories are made.

When dawn stole into the room, she awoke, but the big fellow was still sleeping. Something in the helplessness of this giant lying on his back before her like a great sprawling infant affected her profoundly. She had a desire to tend him, as a mother looks after her child.

Taking care not to awaken him, Prudence rose and prepared coffee. Every morning she set out her breakfast; rolls and an egg, a little fruit and coffee for one.

But coffee for two! That was something different. A miracle!

Prudence hoped he would not look at her while he ate his breakfast. If he

should avert his face! One more stab at her vanity would kill her, she thought.

But his appraisal of her features was casual. And not painful to her, somehow.

Perhaps in the morning, when the mind turns to the business of the day; when one is drinking really excellent coffee; when one is interested in the headlines—a man is less critical, thought Prudence.

That same day they moved.

Bull Corbin wanted to be in the house where he was boss. None of this holding your breath for fear some old bat of a landlady would give you notice. Give *her* notice.

Prudence packed her typewriter submissively, and they went away together.

FROM the topmost room of a certain cheap hotel on the slope of Telegraph Hill, one has a ravishing view of the Bay. It is doubtful whether the room commands a higher rent on that account. Few frequenters go there for the view. But from the fire escape that led from Bull Corbin's room, one could see the lofty, purple bulk of Mount Tamalpais, one could look down upon ships from the seven seas at anchor and could see the ferry boats plying back and forth, the boats from Oakland, Berkeley, San Rafael, leaving fleecy paths behind them. It was like a huge turquoise matrix, the Bay, a sheet of indescribable, greenish blue, veined and criss-crossed with the trail of vessels.

The fire escape served as a balcony, and of a Sunday morning it was Bull Corbin's habit to install himself there very comfortably with slippers and a can of beer and a black pipe. To keep his mind employed he perused the comic section of the Sunday paper.

His florid face was heavy-eyed with contentment on such a sunny morning of the day of rest. He was satisfied with

himself. He felt especially virtuous because he had shaved. In past years he had never shaved Sunday mornings—but now. He was well satisfied. Business was good. He was damned if he was going to slave around the pool room any more on Sunday mornings. Charley would have to run the pool room alone until afternoon when business picked up for the day.

Profits were satisfactory. Also for some strange reason he was satisfied with his woman. "A hell of a note, that!" He would glance at her profile as she sat there looking across the Bay, sometimes braiding her long, glossy hair; sometimes watering the two geraniums that grew in lard buckets full of earth.

"Honest to Gawd, I bet I've got the homeliest woman on the Coast!" he would mutter to himself. "Me, that's had all Frisco to pick from!! But," he continued reflectively, "there is something about her that them painted dolls haven't got. She's the real thing."

His wandering glance was caught by the rounded contour of her arm as the kimono fell from it clear to the ivory shoulder, and again that strange thrill went through him. He cleared his throat and spoke.

"Kid," he said, "I'm goin' to marry you. We're goin' to get hitched up this week."

She made no answer but kept her face hidden upon his knee. "Say kid," he went on. "I wish't you'd tell me how you ever come to take up with me like this. You're not the sort I sized you up for—that night. You never took a chance before. I'm wise to that. What made you do it?"

"I could tell you, dear, but you wouldn't understand. Let's not talk about it. I am so happy now."

"Tell me anyhow. Maybe I ain't so dumb, like you think."

As if she were explaining it to herself, the girl said in a low, matter-of-fact tone, "Well, you see—I wonder if yqu'll understand! I felt that I had gone as far as possible in my writing—as far as I *could* go without some great soul-shaking experience. I had seen things just from the outside. I was a looker-on at the game. I wanted to do something big; write a story that would go to the heart of things. But it was no use! I was just a spectator. I had had no experience—no emotion; just observation; just local color. How could I write? But now I *can*."

Bull Corbin laid his pipe on the rail of the fire escape and looked down upon the girl's glossy head with absolute bewilderment.

There was a pause; then she added timidly, "And dear—I'm so glad that I'm *your* woman. Are you?"

"Sure!" said Bull Corbin. "An' we're goin' to get married this week, kid. I guess you're right—but I don't quite get you—not all. There's a lot of your highbrow language that's away over my head. Like poetry. But there's *one* thing I want understood. Now lissen an' get me right. I ain't got no use for lady reporters. What do you *want* to write for? I can take care of you. Certainly I can! Why not? Business is good. So lissen: can all them ideas about writin' pieces for the paper, like you was speakin' of. You're goin' to be my wife. Understand? *Wife!* And you don't have to work no more for the papers, for my friends would think I was a piker to let you. See? An' besides I don't like it. So gimme a kiss an' fergit writin'."

And Prudence answered without hesitation or regret, "Yes dear. Of course."

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Look to Your Man

(Continued from page 50)

against the wall. With both hands on her desk, she leaned over and talked to three surprised faces.

"You! You little angels, you! Why didn't you think of me last year, when you sacked Alan Walker on me?"

"We did think of you," Becky put in feebly. "It was for your good, dear. You were so asleep to life—"

"Oh, I was asleep to life, was I?" said Linda savagely. "Well, I'm not asleep to life now, my dear, let me tell you that. And I'm not asleep to you, either. You wanted me loose, and now I am loose, and you're the first ones to turn against me."

"But there's a limit," put in Aileen. "The house—"

"The house won't have to worry, for I'm not going to live in it. I'm moving into town to-morrow, where I can be myself without a lot of cats snooping around my back. And as for you—all I say to you is, look to your men! You heard me—look to your men, and don't worry about mine!"

She did move out of the house. They were really relieved to have her go. Nasty things were being whispered around about her. This gave the house an air of having dropped her.

And as for poor old Linda's remark about looking to their men—well, that was really too funny, too funny for words.

It seemed so, at least, at the time. The sorority went its way, and Linda went hers. Linda's way was the talk of the campus. She dressed to perfection, she made up cleverly, if a bit ostentatiously, she danced like wind in a man's arms, and she was ready for anything. A dance was

not a dance without Linda Norton. She was always on the verge of being kicked out of college, but somehow she always got by. The women talked cattily about her; the men hung around her. She surrounded herself with a galaxy of men, respectables and non-respectables. The non-respectables said, "If you want a wild party, get Linda Norton." The respectables said, "She's a good sport." Linda played up to both, and laughed always.

One night Ted Spear took her to the city to a dance. Nothing remarkable about that, except that Ted Spear had been going with Becky Ellsworth for a year and a half.

Becky heard the news. She told Ted caustically that she didn't consider Linda in the same class with herself and that it was degrading to her self-respect to have him go out with a girl like Linda.

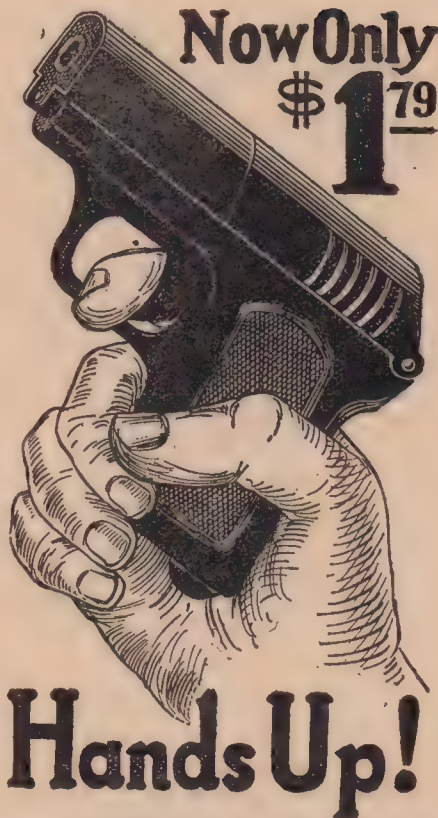
Two days later Ted had dinner in Linda's apartment. After that, Becky told Ted where to get off. Ted said, "Okay, if that's how you feel about it." And walked out on her. Becky cried until her blue innocent-looking eyes were bloodshot, for in her selfish way she loved Ted Spear.

She got a note from Linda, brief, to the point:

*For your own good, my dear.
You're asleep to life.*

Linda let Ted Spear dangle for a month or so and then dropped him flat.

Three weeks later she went on her first date with Pete Bullen. Pete Bullen, just two months earlier, had fallen hard for Ruth Michaels and ever since had spent half his time hanging around the Gamma Alpha door step. Ruth Michaels had more tact than Becky. She did not reproach Pete. She treated him doubly nice. But so, it seemed, did Linda. In the end Pete went the way Ted Spear had gone, with the furious scorn of Ruth Michael's dark face following him.



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Ruth, in her turn, got a note. It said:
*It's a little hard when it happens,
but one gets over such things, you know.*

Becky, Ruth—now there was only Aileen left. Her turn came in time. Linda invited Dave Grant to a dinner at her apartment. He accepted. It was the opening gun of the last siege.

But Aileen Brooks was made of sterner stuff than Ruth or Becky. Furthermore, she had been going with Dave Grant ever since she came to Surrey, and she did not propose to have him snatched from her. Unlike Ruth and Becky, she carried her battle to headquarters. She went to see Linda.

"You know why I've come," she said. "You don't want Dave. You don't love him."

Linda laughed slowly and lifted her perfectly pencilled brows. "I love 'nobody,'" she said.

Aileen's thin lids fluttered over her amber eyes. "Or—everybody?" she suggested caustically.

Linda's dark eyes flared. "That's my business."

Aileen shrugged her shoulders. "Of course, my dear. But Dave is also my business. I love him."

"Love," said Linda with an odd laugh, "is a queer delusion."

Aileen leaned forward. "I love him," she said quietly, "the way you loved Alan Walker."

"Who says I loved Alan Walker?" Linda flared. "Alan Walker was not worth the flick of an eyelash." She snatched a cigarette from the box on the table and tapped it savagely on the back of her hand.

"He may have been worthless," said Aileen, "but you loved him, and there's no use trying to deny it."

Linda concealed her face behind the flare of her match. She puffed a moment

at her cigarette, silent, then suddenly withdrew it from her mouth.

"Well," she said calmly, "suppose I did. One gets over those things, you know. I don't love him now."

"I wonder," mused Aileen. "I wonder if Alan came back and asked you—"

One elbow on the table, cigarette smoking idly in her lifted fingers, Linda gazed through the smoke. Her eyes were like the hidden fire of the cigarette.

"If he came back," she said, "I should not even bother to open the door for him."

"Perhaps not," said Aileen. "Anyway, I didn't come about Alan. I came about Dave."

"There was no use of your coming about anybody," Linda said. "If Dave Grant wants to take me out, I'll let him. I'll dance with him, drink with him, pet with him—"

"I have no doubt," said Aileen furiously, "that you'd stop at nothing!"

Linda did not lose her temper. "You're quite right, Aileen," she said. "I know no limit. Why should I?"

Aileen sprang up. "You're no better than a prostitute!" she said.

Linda sprang up, too. "That's enough. You've had your say and I've had mine. Now get out!"

When Aileen had gone, she sank back into her chair and stared into her cigarette's smoke. Her dark eyes were bitter. Hard lines played around her voluptuous mouth. She was facing now the emptiness that all the months of laughter had not been able to cover. "What does it matter," she thought, "how far I go? What does anything matter? What does life matter?" "If Alan came back and asked you—I wonder . . ." A strange thing love. It dwells not in perfection. You may know a man is cruel and worthless, and yet love him."

"If Alan came back and asked you—"

She got up, butted her cigarette, and

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stared out of the window. "If he came back," she thought fiercely, "I should put him in his place, if it killed me to do it."

And then, with an ugly laugh, she went to the phone, called Dave Grant, and asked him to dinner on Sunday evening.

TWO weeks later the sorority dropped her from its rolls. She did not defend herself. She did not care. On the very night that they dropped her, Dave Grant took her to the city to a show. Knowing Aileen was the force behind her being dropped, Linda considered the battle even. She was gayer, more beautiful, more free than ever. Let Aileen look to her man, but little good it would do her. Linda was learning the weakness of men by this time. She was no novice.

Out of a clear sky, Alan wrote to her.

"Can a man redeem himself?" he wrote. "I was cruel, despicable, stupid. I loved you and I would not admit it. I was ashamed of myself, and I would not admit it. You were all that a woman should be—and I was not fit to even look at you. You gave me everything. You made me see myself as I really was. Really, Linda, you saved me from myself. Not that I claim to be an angel now, but, honestly, Linda, I have learned something of goodness from you."

"Is it too late? I love you, dear. I loved you before, as much as it was in my superficial nature to love anyone. Could you forgive me? Could you take me back, with a little love?"

Pride and old love fought in her then—the irony of what she had been and what she had become—the desire to return and the knowledge that she had gone too far for turning back, that the Linda Norton from whom Alan had learned something of goodness was gone forever, with all the lost beautiful things of the earth.

She wept a little. Then she dried her eyes and tightened her lips and laughed, and wrote:

"Grow up!"

Later the same night Dave Grant told her that he loved her, and twisting in his arms, she laughed and said, "Love, my dear boy, is a bitter fruit, and the taste is ashes. Not original, but true. Here I am. Take me if you want me."

Later, still laughing, she told him to go back to Aileen, knowing he would never go. And for herself, she saw that the road ran down.

YET the ways of life and the ways of the human heart are always inexplicable. Linda had boasted that she would not open the door for Alan Walker. He didn't ask her to. He walked in. She found him in her apartment one night. She was first of all angry.

"I thought my letter was plain enough," she said.

He stood in front of the fireplace, his hands behind his back, his shoulders squared. "It was," he said. "But I'm a glutton for punishment. Besides, I had to see you."

"Well," she said, "look at me."

"You're very beautiful—but no more beautiful than I remembered."

"Thanks." She took a cigarette, and lighting it, sat down. "Well, now that you're here, what are you going to do?"

"I think," he said, "that I'm going to kiss you."

She sprang up, her hands clenched, her lovable mouth taut. Then suddenly releasing herself, she laughed. "Well, well, the conqueror!" she scoffed.

He smiled. "Faint heart never won, you know. Anyway, you know you love me."

She laughed, a heavy mocking laugh. "Oh, do I? My dear man, you're as much in my life as that ash tray." She

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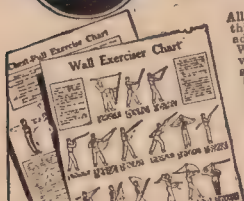
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flicked her ashes into it.

He moved a step nearer her and looked into her eyes. "The woman who watched the dawn with me once on the beach cannot say that."

"That woman is dead."

"She must be brought to life."

"Too late."

"No, not too late." Smiling again, he put his arms around her, drew her shoulders toward him. She bent her head slightly back, and all the cynical mockery of the past year was written on the curve of her lips.

"Well," she said in a hard voice, "go ahead."

All at once she saw the muscles of his face twitching. His arms released her. He dropped in her chair, and burying his face in his hands, cried, "Oh, God pity us, God pity us!"

She looked down at him. Pride, revenge, anger—what were they? None of them mattered. Nothing mattered, except love, though buried but never buried. She dropped down on the floor beside him, her arms around his shoulders, her face buried in his hair.

"Oh, Alan, Alan, if it only weren't too late!"

He straightened up and catching her face in his hands, looked into her eyes, which feared to meet his.

"I told you it wasn't too late," he said.

"But, Alan, you don't know—"

"My dear woman, we're both grown up. Obviously, or I wouldn't have come. And I'm neither blind nor deaf."

"And you want me?"

"I want to marry you."

"Then here I am," she said. "Take me." Saying it now to him, she said it not only with her lips, but with her heart.

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Katies Kisses

(Continued from page 16)

wanting the same thing only she had been a good sport about it and kept up her end of marriage without a whine. The rain was heavier now outside of the sheltering circle of the great tree. He caught the scent of violets. Lightning jagged and terror-striking cut its way through the inky sky.

"Ooh!" she said, "how lovely your ring is. That flash of lightning showed it up just then. Ooh, it's a beauty."

Jim laughed. "You little scamp!" he teased, putting one arm loosely about her, "you weren't fooled at all, were you? Want to wear the ring awhile, eh?"

She withdrew at the touch of his arm—the same withdrawal he had always remembered in his Katie.

"Fool me?" she repeated. "Why—no, you didn't—fool me. And I—I'd love to wear it," she added wistfully with that same little tone of pleading he always loved.


He slipped the ring from his finger to hers, joining the tips of their fingers as he had sometimes done when they had been engaged.

"Let's sit down at the foot of the tree awhile," he suggested, his arm still about her.

Ah, he thought, this was more like the marriage of his dreams. Why, after all, marriage was what one made it! If one wanted to live prosaically and like dumb, driven cattle one had the choice himself. And if one wanted love and . . . he yawned. The storm was here and he was very, very sleepy now.

"Marriage . . ." he murmured.

WHEN Jim awakened the rain had stopped and again the arc lights



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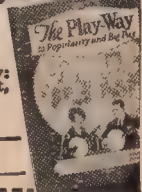
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above flared out, showing a grassless circle under the tree, bare and unlovely and hard. With a mutter that was half annoyed and half amused he sprang to his feet and caught a passing bus. The little imp! To leave him like that!

At the apartment he let himself in with his latchkey and hurried through to the living-room where already the in-a-door bed was across the room hallway and Katie—he caught his breath—how like a child she looked there, sleeping, one arm thrown above her curly head.

He stroked her head and she awakened instantly.

"Well?" he said banteringly.

She stared up at him drowsily.

"Where's the green scarf?" he asked.

"Green scarf?" she repeated. "Oh,

you mean Amy's scarf?"

He nodded.

"In the bottom drawer of the dressing-case," she said sleepily. "Why?"

He looked at her intently for a moment, and then withdrew his glance. "Did you have a nice time in the park?"

She opened her eyes widely now. "Park? Did you say—park? Why, it's rained pretty nearly all of the time since you've been gone, Jim. I did think some of running down to get some mayonnaise dressing in case—"

But Jim was not interested in mayonnaise dressing. He was staring in horror at his wife. "The scarf!" he fairly shouted. "The scarf? Where is the scarf?"

"In the lower drawer of the dressing-

case, I just told you," Katie said evenly. "Why?"

With a jerk he sprang out towards the dressing case. There, when he had pulled open the drawer, lay the scarf, folded smoothly, white tissue paper about it crisply. With a groan he sank to the broad window-seat and stared out into the night, starless and inky black. Aimlessly his thumb ran 'round and 'round the finger where the emerald ring had always been but the ring was gone, utterly and completely gone.

"Well, who in Hades did I give that ring to?" he muttered with complete disregard to grammar or construction.

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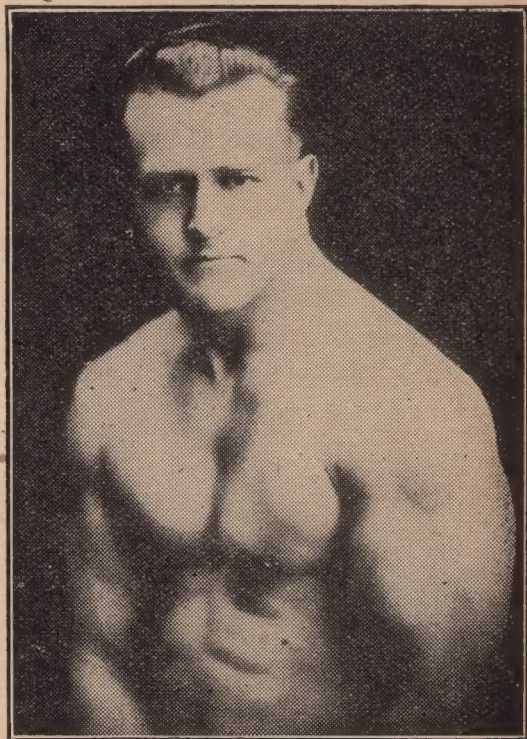
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